The Living Age

Vol. 303
From Beginning

Vol. 16
Eighth Series

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Published Every Saturday by

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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NOVEMBER 15, 1919

SOME GERMAN WAR BOOKS: A REVIEW

BY VISCOUNT HALDANE

Of the two books, Von Bethmann's *Reflections* and Von Tirpitz's *Recollections*, the first is being translated. It is to be hoped that a full translation of the second will appear without delay. For it is important that the point of view, in the case of each author, should be known to the Anglo-Saxon world. That world has suffered in the past from failure to understand Germany, while the German world has displayed a total inability to interpret aright the Anglo-Saxon disposition. When I speak of two worlds I mean the governing classes of these worlds. The nations themselves, taken as aggregates of individual citizens, by a vast majority in each case, wished for peace and the prosperity that comes with it. So, of course, did the rulers, those in Germany as much as those in London. But the German rulers had a theory of how to secure peace which was the outcome of the abstract mind that was their inheritance. It was the theory that was wrong, a theory of which Anglo-Saxondom knew little and would have rejected decisively had it realized its tendency. This theory is described in Admiral Tirpitz's book, with an account of the efforts made to indoctrinate with it the people of Germany.

The two books are profoundly interesting. For in Admiral Tirpitz's volume we have the doctrine set forth that in the end led to the war. In that written by the late Imperial Chancellor we have quite another principle laid down as the one which he was endeavoring to apply in his direction of German policy. But in this endeavor he failed. The school of Tirpitz in the main prevailed, and this was the more easy, inasmuch as it was simply continuing the policy which had been advocated by a noisy section of Germans, nearly without a break, since the days of Frederick the Great. It was a policy which had in reality outlived the days in which it was practicable. The world had become too crowded and too small to permit of any one Power asserting its right to jostle its way where it pleased without regard to its neighbors. An affair of police on a colossal scale had begun to look as if it would ensue, and it did.

No doubt had we all been cleverer we might have been able to explain to Germany whither she was heading. But we did not understand her, least of all our Chauvinists, nor did she

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understand us. In the main, what she really wanted was to develop herself by the application of her talent for commerce and industry. To her success in attaining this end we had no objection, provided her procedure was decent and in order. But she chose a means to her end which was becoming progressively more and more inadmissible.

Tirpitz describes the illegitimate *means*. Bethmann-Hollweg describes the legitimate *end*. Tirpitz thinks Bethmann-Hollweg was a weakling because he would not back up the means. Bethmann-Hollweg, firm in his faith that the end was legitimate and thinking of this alone, dwells on it with little reference to what his colleague was about. His accusation against the Entente Powers is that, at the instigation of Russia primarily, and in a less degree of France, they set themselves to ring round and crush Germany. It was really, he believes, a war of aggression, and England was ultimately responsible for it. Without her coöperation it was impossible, and although she did not enter into any formal military alliance for the purpose, she began, in the time of Edward VII, a policy of close friendship which enabled Russia and France in the end to reckon on her as morally bound to help. It was easy for these Powers to represent as a defensive war what was really a war of aggression. Such was truly its nature, and England decided to join in it, actually because she was jealous of Germany's growing success in the world, and was desirous of setting a check to it.

Such is Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's explanation. He is, I have no doubt, sincerely convinced of its truth, and he explains the grounds of his conviction in detail and with much ability. But there is a fallacy in his reasoning which becomes transparent when one reads along with his book that of his colleague. If we put out of sight that deep feeling awakened here by the brutality of the invasion of Belgium, to which violation of treaty obligations the former declares that Germany was compelled by military considerations that were unanswerable, and look at the history of Anglo-German relations before the war, the inference is irresistible that it was not the end of developing in a peaceful atmosphere German commerce and industry that England objected to. Such a development might have been formidable for us. It would have required great efforts on our part to improve the education of our people and our organization for peaceful enterprises. But it would have been legitimate.

The objection of this country was made against quite other things that were being done by Germany in order to attain her purpose. The essence of these was the attempt to get her way, by creating armaments which should in effect place her neighbors at her mercy. We who live on islands, and are dependent for our food and our raw materials on our being able to protect their transport and, with it, ourselves from invasion, could not permit the sea protection which had been recognized from generation to generation as a necessity for our preservation, to be threatened by the creation of naval forces intended to make it precarious. As the navies of Europe were growing, not only those of France and Russia, but that of Italy also, we had to look, in the interests of our safety, to friendly relations with these countries. We aimed at establishing such friendly relations, and our method was to get rid of all causes of friction, in Newfoundland, in Egypt, in the East, and in the

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Mediterranean. That was the policy which underlay all our Ententes. We were not willing to enter into military alliances, and we did not do so. Our policy was purely a business policy and everything else was consequential on this, including the growing sense of common interests and of the desire for the maintenance of peace.

I do not think that Admiral Tirpitz wanted actual war. But he did want power to enforce submission to the expansion of Germany at her will. And this power was his means to the end which was what less Prussianized minds in Germany contemplated as attainable in less objectionable ways. Such a means he could not fashion in the form of strength in sea power which would have placed us at his mercy, without arousing our instinct for self-preservation.

All this the late Imperial Chancellor in substance ignores. The fact is that he can only defend his theory on the hypothesis that no such policy as that of his colleague was on foot, and that the truth was that France, Russia, and England had come to a decision to take the initiative in a policy embracing for France revenge for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, for Russia the acquisition of Constantinople with domination over the Balkans and the Bosphorus, and for England the destruction of German commerce. If this hypothesis is not true, and the real explanation of the alarm of the Entente Powers was the policy exemplified by Tirpitz and the other exponents of German militarism, then the whole of the reasoning in Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's book falls to the ground.

It may be asked how it was possible that two members of the Imperial Government should have been pursuing in the same period two policies wholly inconsistent with each other. The answer is not difficult. The direction of affairs in Germany was admirably organized for some purposes and very badly for others. Her autocratic system lent itself to efficiency in the preparation of armaments. But it was not really a system under which her Emperor was left free to guide policy. There is no greater mistake made than that under which it is popularly supposed that the Emperor was absolute master. The development in recent years of the influence of the General and Admiral Staffs, which was an absolute necessity from the point of view of modern organization for war, but required keeping in careful check from other points of view, had produced forces which the Emperor was powerless to hold in. Even in Bismarck's time readers of his *Reflections and Recollections* will remember how he felt the embarrassment of his foreign policy caused by the growing and deflecting influences of Moltke, and even of his friend Roon. And there was no Bismarck to hold the Staffs in check for reasons of expediency in the years before 1914.

The military mind when it is highly developed is dangerous. It sees only its own bit, but this it sees with great clearness, and in consequence becomes very powerful. There is only one way of holding it to its legitimate function, and that is by the supremacy of public opinion in a parliament as its final exponent. Parliaments may be clumsy and at times ignorant. But they do express, it may be vaguely, but yet sufficiently, the sense of the people at large. Now, notwithstanding all that had been done to educate them up to it, I do not think that the people at large in Germany had ever endorsed the implications of the policy of German militarism. The Social Democrats certainly had not. They ought, I think, to be judged even now by what

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they said before the war, and not by what some, though not all of them, said when it was pressed on them in 1914 that Germany had to fight for her life. Had she possessed a true Parliamentary system for a generation before the war, there would probably have been no war. What has happened to her is a vindication of Democracy as the best political system, despite certain drawbacks which attach to it.

The great defect of the German Imperial system was that, unless the Emperor was strong enough to impose his will on his advisers, he was largely at their mercy. Had they been chosen by the people, the people and not the Emperor would have borne the responsibility, if the views of these advisers diverged from their own. But they were chosen by the Emperor, and chosen at varying times in policy. The result was that, excellent as were the departments at their special work in most cases, on general policy there was no guaranty for unity of mind.

The Emperor lived amid a sea of conflicting opinions. The Chancellor might have one idea, the Foreign Secretary, a Prussian and not Imperial Minister, a different one, the Chief of General Staff a third, the War Minister a fourth, and the head of the Admiralty a fifth. Thus the Kaiser was constantly being pulled at from different sides, and whichever minister had the most powerful combination at his back generally got the best in the argument. If the Kaiser was impulsive he might side now with one and again with another, and the result would necessarily be confusion. Moreover, he had constantly to fix one eye on public opinion in Germany, and another on public opinion abroad. It is, therefore, not surprising that Germany seemed to foreigners a strange and unintelligible country, and that sudden manifestations of policy were made which shocked us here, accustomed as we were to something quite different.

Neither our Pacifists nor our Chauvinists really succeeded in diagnosing Germany. On the other hand, we ourselves were a standing puzzle to the Germans. They could not understand how government could be conducted in the absence of abstract principles exactly laid down. And because our Democratic system was one of choosing our rulers and trusting them with a large discretion within limits, the Germans always suspected that this system, with which they were unfamiliar, covered a device for concealing hidden policies. I wrote in some detail about this in an address delivered at Oxford in the autumn of 1911, and afterwards published in a little volume called *Universities and National Life*. The war has not altered the views to which I had even then come.

But it was not really so on either side, and it is deplorable that the two nations knew so little of each other. For I believe that the German system, wholly unadapted as it was to the modern spirit, was bound to become modified before long, and had we shown more skill and more zeal in explaining ourselves, we should probably have accelerated the process of German acceptance of the true tendencies of the age. But our statesmen took little trouble to get first-hand knowledge of the genesis of what appeared to them to be the German double dose of original sin, and, on the other hand, our Chauvinists were studied in Germany out of all proportion to their small number and influence. Thus the Berlin politicians got the wrong notions to which their tradition predisposed them. I believe that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was himself really more enlightened, but he could not control the admirals and generals, or the economists or

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historians or professors whom the admirals and generals were always trying to enlist on the side of the doctrine of 'Weltmacht oder Niedergang.' Under these circumstances all that seemed possible was to try to influence German opinion, and at the same time to insure against the real risk of failure to accomplish this before it was too late.

In order to make this view of German conditions intelligible, it will be convenient in the first place to give some account of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's opinions as expressed in his book, and afterwards to contrast them with the views of his powerful colleague, Admiral von Tirpitz.

The ex-Imperial Chancellor commences his *Betrachtungen zum Weltkriege* by going back to the day when he assumed office. When Prince Bülow handed over the reins to him in July, 1909, the Prince gave him his views on what, in the attitude of England, had been causing the former much concern. We are not told what he actually said, but we can guess it, for Bethmann-Hollweg goes on to indicate the origin of the cause of anxiety. It was King Edward's 'encirclement' policy. It might well be that the late King had no desire for war. But the result of the policy for which he and the ministers behind him stood was, so he believes, that, in all differences of opinion as to external policy, Germany found England, France, and Russia solidly against her, and was conscious of a continuous attempt to lead Italy away from the Triple Alliance. 'People may call this "Einkreisung," or policy of the balance of power, or whatever they like. The object and the achievement resulted in the founding of a group of nations of great power, whose purpose was to hinder Germany at least by diplomatic means in the free development of her growing strength.' Sir Edward Grey, when taking over the conduct of foreign policy in 1905, had declared that he would continue the policy of the late government. He hoped for improved relations with Russia, and even for more satisfactory relations with Germany, provided always that in the latter case these did not interfere with the friendship between England and France. This, says Bethmann-Hollweg, had been the theme of English policy since the end of the days of 'splendid isolation,' and it remained so until the war broke out. He says nothing of the rapid advances which were proceeding from stage to stage in the organization of German battle fleets to be added to her formidable army, or of the risk these advances made for England if she were to find herself without any friends outside.

As regards Russia, Isvolsky, who had never forgiven the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count d'Aerenthal, for his diplomatic victory in getting the annexation to Austria of Bosnia and the Herzegovina in 1908, was very hostile to Austria, and consequently to her ally. In the case of France, again, it was indeed true that M. Jules Cambon had repeatedly emphasized to the ex-Chancellor the desire for more intimate relations between France and Germany. But the French had never forgiven the driving of Delcassé out of office, and the result of the Algeciras conference had not healed the wound. Besides this, there was the undying question of Alsace-Lorraine.

The outcome of the precarious situation, says the ex-Chancellor, was that England, following her traditional policy of balancing the Powers of Europe, was taking a firm position on the side of France and Russia, while Germany was increasing her naval power and giving a very definite

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direction to her policy in the East. The commercial rivalry between England and Germany was being rendered acute politically by the growth of the German fleet. In this state of things Bethmann-Hollweg formed the opinion that there was only one thing that could be done, to aim at withdrawing from the Dual Alliance the backing of England for its anti-German policy. The Emperor entirely agreed with him, and it was resolved to attempt to attain this purpose by coming to an understanding with England.

Reading between the lines, it is pretty obvious that the ex-Chancellor was at times embarrassed by the public utterances of his imperial master. Him he defends throughout the book with conspicuous loyalty, and is emphatic about his desire to keep the peace, a desire founded in religious conviction. But the Emperor's way was to see only one thing at the moment. I translate a passage from his Chancellor's book: 'If from time to time he indulged in passionate expressions about the strong position in the world of Germany, his desire was that the nation, whose development beyond all expectation was filling him with conscious pride, should be spurred on to fresh heightening of its energies. He sought to give it a continuous impulse with the energy of his enthusiastic nature. He wished his people to be strong and powerful in capacity to arm for their defense, but the German mission, which was for him a consuming faith, was yet to be a mission of work and of peace. That this work and this peace should not be destroyed by the dangers that surrounded us, was his increasing anxiety. Again and again has the Kaiser told me that his journey to Tangier in 1904, as to which he was quite aware that it would lead to dangerous complications, was undertaken much against his own will, and only under pressure from his political advisers. Moreover, his personal influence was strongly exerted for a settlement of the Morocco crisis of 1905. And the same sense of the need of peace gave rise to his attitude during the Boer War and also during the Russo-Japanese War. To a ruler who really wanted war, opportunities for military intervention in the affairs of the world were truly not lacking.

'Critics in Germany had in that period frequently pressed the point that a too frequent insistence in public on our readiness for peace was less likely to further it than, on the contrary, to strengthen the Entente in its policy of altering the *status quo*. In a period of Imperialism in which the talk about material power was loud, and in which the preservation of the peace of the world was considered only accidentally, like the ten years before the war, considerations such as these are undoubtedly full of significance, and perhaps the same sort of thing explains a good deal of strong language on the part of the Kaiser about Germany's capacity in case of war. It is certain that such utterances did not lessen the feeling of nervousness that filled the international atmosphere. But the true ground of such nervousness was the policy of the balance of power, which had split Europe into two armed camps full of distrust of each other. The Ambassadors of the Great Powers knew the Kaiser intimately enough to realize what his intentions, in spite of everything, were, and it required an untruthfulness only explicable by the psychological effect of war to permit the suggestion of a hateful and distorted picture of him as a tyrant seeking for the domination of the world and for war and bloodshed.'

I have translated this passage from

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the book because I think it is instructive in its disclosure of uneasy self-consciousness on the part of the author. Obviously, the Emperor made his quiet-loving minister at times uncomfortable. I do not doubt that the Emperor really desired peace, just as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg tells us. Yet he not only indulged himself in warlike talk, but was surrounded by a group of military and naval advisers who were preaching openly that war was inevitable, and were instructing many of the prominent intellectual leaders in their doctrine. The Emperor may well have been in a difficult situation. But he was playing with fire when he made such speeches to the world as he frequently did. I believe him to have most genuinely desired to keep the peace. But I doubt whether he was willing to pay the price for entry on the only path along which it could have been made secure. He was a man of many sides, with a genius for speaking winged words as part of his equipment. He was a dangerous leader for Germany under conditions which had already caused even a Bismarck concern. The result was that the world took him to be the ally, not of Bethmann-Hollweg, but of Tirpitz, and what that meant we shall see when we come to the book just published by the latter. I cannot say that I think the judgment of the world was other than, to put the matter at its lowest, the natural and probable result of his policy, and I find nothing in the ex-Chancellor's volume to lead me to a different conclusion.

The argument of that volume is that England should never have entered the Entente, for that by doing so she strengthened France and Russia so as to enable them to indulge the will for war. He assumes that there was this will as beyond doubt. But suppose England had not entered the Entente, what then? On Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's own showing France and Russia would have remained too weak to entertain the hope of success in a conflict with the Triple Alliance. Germany could, under these circumstances, have herself compelled these Powers to an entente or even an alliance. England would have been in such a case left in isolation in days in which isolation had ceased to be 'splendid.' For great as was her navy, it could not have been relied upon as sufficient to protect her adequately against the combined navies of Germany, France, Russia, and Austria, with that of Italy possibly added. It was the apprehension occasioned by Germany's warlike policy that made it an unavoidable act of prudence to enter into the Entente. It was our only means of making our sea power secure and able to protect us against threats of invasions by great Continental armies. The Emperor and his Chancellor should, therefore, have thought of some other way of securing the peace than that of trying to detach us from the Entente.

The alternative was obvious. Germany should have offered to cease to pile up armaments, if our desire for friendly relations all round could be so extended as to bring all the Powers belonging to both groups into them, along with England. But the German policy of relying on superior strength in armaments as the true guaranty of peace did not admit of this. I am no admirer of the principle of the balance of power. I should like to say good-bye to it. I prefer a League of Nations, if that be practicable, or, at the very least, an Entente comprising all the Powers. But if neither of these alternatives be possible, there remains, for the people who desire to be secure, only the method of the balance of

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power. Now Germany drove us to this by her indisposition to change her traditional policy and to be content to rely on the settlement of specific differences for the good feeling that always tends to result. She had, it is true, the misfortune for so strong a nation to have been born a hundred years too late. She had got less in Africa than she might have had. We were ready to help her to a place in the sun there and elsewhere in the world, and to give up something for this end, if only we could secure peace and contentment on her part. But she would not have it so, and she chose to follow the principle of relying on the 'Mailed Fist.' Of this policy, when pursued recklessly, Bismarck well understood the danger. 'Prestige politics,' as he called them, he hated. In February, 1888, he laid down in a well-known speech what he held to be the true principle. 'Every great Power which seeks to exert pressure on the politics of other countries, and to direct affairs outside the sphere of interest which God has assigned to it, carries on politics of power, and not of interest; it works for prestige.' But that principle was not consistently followed by William the Second. Into the detailed story of his departure from it I have not space to enter. But those who wish to follow it will do well to read the narrative contained in an admirable and open-minded book that has been recently published, Mr. Harbutt Dawson's work on *The German Empire from 1867 to 1914*, in the second volume of which the story is told in detail.

Instead of trying to enter the traditional attitude of Germany to her neighbors, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg let it continue. That he did not want it to continue I am pretty sure. On page 130 of his book he appeals to me, personally, to recall the words he used in a conversation we had one evening in February, 1912, words in which he sought to show me that 'a proper understanding between our two nations would guarantee the peace of the world, and would lead the Powers by degrees from the phantom of armed imperialism to the opposite pole of peaceful work together in the world.' I remember his words, and with them I would remind him that I wholly agreed. I had myself used similar language in anticipation, and had begged him not to insist on our accepting an obligation of absolute neutrality under all conditions which might prove inconsistent with our duty of loyalty to France, now a friendly neighbor, a duty which rested on no military obligation, but on kindly feeling and regard. It was such friendship and mutual regard that I was striving, with the assent of the British Cabinet, to bring about with Germany also, and by the same means through which it had been accomplished in the case of France. Not by any secret military convention, for we had entered into no communications which bound us to do more than study conceivable possibilities in a fashion which the German General Staff would look on as mere matter of routine for a country the shores of which lay so near to those of France, but by removing all material causes of friction. And when Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg adds of my reply that 'even he preferred the power of English Dreadnoughts and the friendship of France.' I must remind him of the words sanctioned beforehand when submitted by me to Sir Edward Grey, with which I began our conversation. I reproduce them from the record I made immediately after the conversation. And I wish to say, in passing, that both Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and Admiral von Tirpitz have given

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in their books accounts of what passed in my conversations with them which tally substantially, so far as the words used are concerned with my own notes and recollections. It is mainly as to the inferences they now draw from my then attitude that I have any controversy with them, and, in the case of Admiral von Tirpitz, to some slight inaccuracies which have obviously arisen from misconstruction.

The ex-Imperial Chancellor asked the question whether I was to talk to him officially, the difficulty being that he could not divest himself of his official position, and that it would be awkward to speak with me in a purely private capacity. I said I had come officially, so far as the approval of the King and the Cabinet was concerned, but merely to talk over the ground, and not to commit either himself or my own government at this stage to definite propositions. At the first interview, which took place in the British Embassy, on Thursday, February 8, 1912, and lasted for more than an hour and a half, I began by giving him a message of good wishes for the conversations and for the future of Anglo-German relations, with which the King had entrusted me at the audience I had before leaving London. I proceeded to ask whether he wished himself to make the first observations, or desired that I should begin. He wished me to begin, and I went on at once to speak to him in the sense arranged in the discussions I had with Sir Edward Grey before leaving London.

I told him that I felt there had been a great deal of drifting away between Germany and England, and that it was important to ask what was the cause. To ascertain this, events of recent history had to be taken into account. Germany had built up, and was building up, magnificent armaments, and, with the aid of the Triple Alliance, she had become the centre of a tremendous group. The natural consequence was that other Powers had tended to approximate. I was not questioning for a moment Germany's right to her policy, but this was the natural and inevitable consequence in the interests of security. We used to have much the same situation with France, when she was very powerful on the seas, that we had with Germany now. While the fact to which I had referred created a difficulty, the difficulty was not insuperable; for two groups of Powers might be on very friendly relations if there was only an increasing sense of mutual understanding and confidence. The present seemed to me to be a favorable moment for a new departure. The Morocco question was now out of the way, and we had no agreements with France or Russia except those that were in writing and published to the world.

The Chancellor here interrupted me, and asked me whether this was really so. I said it was so, and that, in the situation which now existed, I saw no reason why it should not be possible for us to enter into a new and cordial friendship carrying the two old ones into it, perhaps to the profit of Russia and France, as well as of Germany herself. He replied that he had no reason to differ from this view.

He and I both referred to the war scare of the autumn of 1911, and he observed that we had made military preparations. I was aware that the German Military Attaché in London had reported at that time to Berlin that we had so reorganized our army as to be in a position, if we desired to do so, to send six of our new infantry divisions and at least one cavalry division swiftly to France. The Chancellor obviously had this in his mind,

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and I told him that the preparations made were only those required to bring the capacity of our small British army, in point of mobilization for eventualities which must be clear to him, to something approaching the standard of that celerity in its operations which Moltke had long ago accomplished for Germany and which was with her now a matter of routine. For this purpose we had studied our deficiencies and modes of operation. This, however, concerned our own direct interests, and was a purely departmental matter concerning the War Office, and the minister who had the most to do with it was the one who was now talking to him and who was not wanting in friendly feeling toward Germany. We could not run the risk of being caught unprepared.

I have recently made public the substance of the rest of these and other conversations. As both Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and Admiral von Tirpitz have devoted a good deal of attention to them in their books, I have felt at liberty to disclose what, I am bound to observe, had better not, as it seems to me personally, have been held back for so long, the exact nature of that which actually passed when I was sent to Berlin in February, 1912. Accordingly, it is only necessary that I should add here a few words of what, indeed, appears in most of its detail from the versions given by the two German ministers concerned themselves.

I refused, not only because I had been instructed to do so, but because in my own opinion it was vital that I should refuse, to negotiate excepting on the basis of absolute loyalty to the Entente with France and Russia. The German Government asked for a covenant of absolute neutrality. This I could not look at. I had the same feeling about such an agreement for unconditional neutrality as Caprivi had when he was asked to renew the Reinsurance Treaty which Bismarck made with Russia at Skiernevice in 1884, and under which, notwithstanding that Germany might come to owe a duty to Austria to support her as her military ally, he bound Germany to observe neutrality in case Russia were attacked by her. So far as appeared, this Reinsurance Treaty probably had suggested the wording of the analogous formula which the Chancellor was proposing to myself. But although we were not under the obligation to France which Germany was under to Austria in 1884, I felt, to use the words of Caprivi himself, when he succeeded Bismarck, and was asked to renew the engagement with Russia, that the arrangement was 'too complicated' for my comprehension. It would have been not only wrong to expose a friendly France to the risk of being dismembered by an unjustifiable invasion, while her friend England merely stood looking on, but it would have been prejudicial to our own safety. For to have allowed Germany to take possession of the northern ports of France would have been to imperil our island security. The Chancellor was entitled to make the request he did, but I was bound to refuse it. I also, at the same time, told him that if Germany went on increasing her navy, any agreement with us meant to lead to better relations would be little more than 'bones without flesh.' Germany might, indeed, as he had said, need a third training squadron, in addition to the two she had already in the North Sea. This we could easily meet by moving more of our ships to northern waters, without having to increase the number we were building independently. But if she had the idea of adding to her fleet on a considerable scale we should

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be bound to lay down two keels to every one of her new ships, and the inevitable result would be no proportionate increase in her strength relatively to ours, but of a certainty a good deal of bad feeling.

I may observe that at the date of this conversation the new German Fleet Bill had not been made public, and we knew nothing of its contents in London, excepting that a third squadron for training was to be added to the two which were already there. For this purpose it had been said that a few ships and a moderate increase in personnel would be all that was required. Before I left Berlin the Emperor personally gave me, with friendly frankness and with permission to show it to my colleagues, an advance copy of the new bill. It looked to me as if its proposals might prove when scrutinized more formidable than we had anticipated. But I asked his permission to abstain from trying to form any judgment on this question without the aid of the British Admiralty, and I put it in my pocket and handed it to the First Lord of the Admiralty at a Cabinet held on Monday, February 12, in the afternoon of the day on which I returned to London. I was not very sure as to what might prove to be contained in this bill, and my misgivings were confirmed by our Admiralty experts, who found in it a programme of destroyers, submarines, and personnel far in excess of anything indicated in the only rumors that had reached us. After we had to abandon the idea of getting Germany to accept the carefully guarded formula of neutrality which was all that we could entertain, the Cabinet sanctioned at once the additions to our navy which were required to counter these increases. Our policy was to avoid conflagration by every effort possible, and at the same time to insure the house in case of failure.

I felt throughout these conversations that the Chancellor was sincerely desirous of meeting me in the effort to establish good relations between the two countries. But he was hampered by the difficulty of changing the existing policy of building up armaments which was imposed on him. In only one way could he manage this, and that was by getting me to agree to a formula of absolute neutrality under all circumstances. The other, the better, and the only way that was admissible for us, the way in which we had surmounted all difficulties with France and Russia, he was not free to enter on, though I believe that he really wished to. Hence the attempt at a complete agreement failed. But, as he says himself, much good came of these initial conversations, and still more of the subsequent conversations which followed on them in London between Sir Edward Grey and the German Ambassador. Candor became the order of the day, minor difficulties were smoothed over, and a treaty for territorial rearrangements, of the general character discussed in Berlin, was finally agreed on, and was likely to have been signed had the war not intervened.

As to the rest of the narrative in the ex-Chancellor's book, this is not the place to deal with it. His view that Germany was doing her best to moderate the rash action in Vienna which resulted in the declaration of war on Serbia, while England was doing much less to restrain the course of events at St. Petersburg, is not one which it is easy to bring into harmony with the documents published. This is a part of the history of events before the war which has already been exhaustively dealt with by others, and it is no part of the purpose of these

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pages to write of matters about which I have no first-hand knowledge. For I had little opportunity of taking any direct part in our affairs with Germany after my final visit to that country, which was in 1912. My duties as Lord Chancellor were too engrossing.

There are, however, in this connection just two topics toward the end of the book which are of such interest that I will refer to them before passing away from it. The first is the story that there was a Crown Council at Potsdam on July 5, 1914, at which the Emperor determined on war. This Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg denies. He explains that in the morning of that day the Austrian Ambassador lunched with the Emperor, presumably at Potsdam, and took the opportunity of handing to him a letter written by the Emperor of Austria personally, together with a memorandum on policy drawn up in Vienna. This memorandum contained a detailed plan for opposing Russian enterprise in the Balkan peninsula by energetic diplomatic pressure. Against a hostile Serbia and an unreliable Roumania resort was to be had to Bulgaria and Turkey, with a view to the establishment of a Balkan League, excluding Serbia, to be formed under the ægis of the Central Powers. The Sarajevo murder was declared to have demonstrated the aggressive and irreconcilable character of Serbian policy. The Austrian Emperor's letter endorsed the views contained in the memorandum, and added that, if the agitation in Belgrade continued, the pacific views of the Powers were in danger. The German Emperor said that he must consult his Chancellor before answering, and sent for Bethmann-Hollweg and the Under-Secretary, Zimmermann. He saw them in the afternoon in the park of the Neues Palais at Potsdam. The Chancellor thinks that no one else was present. It was agreed that the situation was very serious. The ex-Chancellor says that he had already learned the tenor of these Austrian documents, although he did not see the text of the subsequent ultimatum to Serbia until July 22. It was determined that it was no part of the duty of Germany to give advice to her ally as to how she should deal with the Sarajevo murder. But every effort was to be made to prevent the controversy between Austria and Serbia from developing into an international conflict. It was useful to try to bring in Bulgaria, but Roumania had better be left out of account. These conclusions were in accordance with the Chancellor's own opinion, and when he returned to Berlin he communicated them to the Austrian Ambassador. Germany would do what she could to make Roumania friendly, and Austria was told that in any case she might rely on her ally, Germany, to stand firmly by her side.

The next day the Emperor set off in his yacht for the Northern Seas. The Chancellor says he advised him to do this, because the expedition was one which the Emperor had been in the habit of making every year at that season, and it would cause talk if this usual journey were to be abandoned.

The other point relates to the date on which the German Chancellor saw the text of the Austrian Ultimatum to Serbia. He tells us that it was brought to him for the first time on the evening of July 22 by Herr von Jagow, the Foreign Secretary, who had just received it from the Austrian Ambassador. The Chancellor says that von Jagow thought the ultimatum too strongly worded, and wished for some delay. But when he told the Ambassador this the answer was that the document had already been dis-

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patched, and it was published in the Vienna *Telegraph* the next morning.

The conclusion of the Chancellor is that the stories of the Crown Council at Potsdam on July 5 and of the co-operation of the German Government in preparing the Ultimatum are mere legends. The question of substance as regards the first may be left for interpretation by posterity. As to the controversy about the second, it would be interesting to know whether Herr von Tcshirsky, the German Ambassador at Vienna, knew of the Ultimatum before it assumed the form in which it reached Berlin on July 22.

Land and Water, October 2

THE HOPE FOR RUSSIA

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

It is still darkest night in Russia; and in that night, as in Richter's dream of Atheism, two great dissonances clash. Holy Russia, which in time past was the dream of the poet and artist, the substance of most Russian political eloquence, the wonder of travelers and of the Western skeptical mind, has been submerged. It is as if it no longer existed. It is silent to this world. In Moscow, in Kief, in Novgorod, it has been proclaimed from the housetop that 'there is no God.' The great religious masses are mocked by a new type of ruler which says 'Religion is poison for the people.' Christians of all sects suffer persecution as in the first centuries of Christ, and people of a simple child's faith have that child's faith cast down. 'The Christ-loving army' has become the Red army, red with negation and hate of Christ. The first army melted away at the betrayal of the Tsar; the second came into being to execute the revenge of those who hated the old Russia. Those who had raged impotently against traditional Russia obtained their opportunity to use their teeth. Rightly speaking, there is not a Red Russia. The red is the red of the Jews who hated their segregation, the red of the intellectual arrogance of Paris and Geneva, yes. and of London, where the Kropotkins and Stepniaks found good ground for the cultivation of hate. The fall of Russia caused an immense Western jubilation. Although to-day hypocrisy has again thrown its veil over reality, it is well to call to mind how in London in March, 1917, the Court paper, the most blue of blue *Morning Post*, was turning the malevolence of Milyukof into blank verse, and on the day of the news of revolution it congratulated Russia on having become a nation. On the other hand, the *Nation*, owned by the Quakers, professed that now it could hope for a good issue from the war. Members of Parliament shook hands with one another in self-congratulation. Mr. Bonar Law misquoted Wordsworth, and Mr. Lloyd George said that the first of the great objects for which we entered the war had been attained. It is curious how to-day there is a different opinion

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concerning the revolution, and many millions of pounds are being paid to fight it. What is it that has happened? It is not, alas, that we are filled with horror for the extinction of Holy Russia; it is not that the murder of the gentle and pious Tsar has enkindled pity; it is not because we are less red ourselves; on the contrary, we are more red and stand ourselves upon the brink of revolution. It is because the financiers of the West have lost an enormous amount of capital and the traders have lost their trade. When the Bolsheviki repudiated the debts to France and England, and confiscated the foreign possessions in mines, the West was at once ready to restore the Tsardom which it had helped to bring down. If not a Tsardom it would at least bring into power a business bourgeois state, which, as the price of power, would re-acknowledge Russia's debts and restore the mines to their owners and place no restriction on 'Allied' trade. Hence the counter-revolutionary force to-day which the Allies themselves have called into being. Without French and British and Japanese help, that force would be altogether à *quantité négligible*. But they have fed it and clothed it and encouraged it, reinforced it, armed it, financed it, instructed it. Thus the two dissonances which still clash in Russia's night.

The revolution, it is true, has spiritualized itself somewhat. Or rather, Russia has spiritualized the revolution. There has come to be an idea in it, something beyond blind hate and the lust of revenge. It has made a new beginning on the positive side. Bolshevism has become Communism. The old aristocracy, which was the most cultivated and least corrupt in Europe, has been deprived of all power, and an aristocracy of workers has been set up. The bourgeois or pseudo-aristocracy has fallen with the real aristocrat. The real ones bore their fall in silence, or even, as in the case of the Grand Dukes, voluntarily surrendered their power and estate with a good grace when they saw that the time had come. But the others, those arrivists in the 'purple of commerce,' made a terrible squealing. They generally thought themselves so advanced, so liberal, that they never dreamed of sacrificing their powers for the general good. How bitterly they resented the familiarity of the unwashed when the latter addressed them as 'Comrade.' 'Comrade, indeed,' I heard one say, 'what comrade am I of yours?' It was certainly rather alarming to find tram-conductors and porters and cabmen and carpenters and what not as the ruling class — the last become first as if suddenly the Kingdom had been established upon earth.

Two movements throve side by side, themselves contradictory the one of the other. One was the revenge movement which gave one class power and desire to ruin and torture another, the movement which at the same time denied religion, turned churches into theatres, and persecuted the Christians; the other was the communistic movement which, deep in itself, was Christian. One movement has brought on Bolshevism an odium which it will not easily throw off: the other has given a new voice to the world-hope of democracy.

The negative aspect of Bolshevism expresses itself purely in destruction. The land has been taken from the rich land-owners, who were often very good men, and they have not even been given a share but have been left penniless. Their houses, containing often historical and cultural treasure, have been ransacked by mobs as ignorant as Hun or Goth. Men also

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of peculiar gifts and skill have been allowed to starve because they did not work with their hands but with their minds. Beautiful and delicate women have been assaulted, and men of noble bearing and conduct have been brutally murdered or imprisoned just because they strove to defend what was good. Authors, poets, painters, have all more or less been banished in favor of illiteracy. Onslaughts have been made on traditional customs of life and of religion. Relics which the people counted holy have been brutally exposed to view, unwrapped. All that is materially precious, such as gold and precious stones, has been ravished from the icons and the churches. Instead of Christianity there has been sought to be set up in many places a religion of reason, which, indeed, is no religion at all.

The positive aspect of Bolshevism, however, is deeper founded and less accidental. One could say the former was a disease but the latter is a creed. It is affecting the imagination of all the people in the world, and consequent upon a material and spiritual ruin of modern civilization in the war, it is more than probable that it will overflow all countries and nations. It is the positive aspect which ought to be called Bolshevism, and the negative disregarded as accidental. The negative, though so strong, is largely the work of the Jews, who, after centuries of gnashing of teeth, have at last got power to revenge. It is also the expression of a hard and narrow agnosticism which grows well in France or Switzerland. Agnosticism, however, will not remove mountains, and one is bound to believe that Russia will be exorcised of her devils in time.

Bolshevism is a slaves' movement. Those who have thrown down the mighty from their seats are the grand-children of the serfs. One must not forget that hundreds of thousands of the peasants and workmen of to-day were actually born in slavery. There is a very pathetic and popular Russian play which tells how the child of a released serf takes possession through mortgage of the estate of those who owned his father.* Who would have thought that that child's child would take all into his hands! The myriads who famished with the Sobakeyevitches and Pluishkins, being free, have devoured their owners. But it is not only in Russia. All over the world the 'slave' is becoming master. The movement which gave victory to the Allies in Germany was the Spartacus movement. Spartacus led an insurrection of slaves against Rome, and was himself a slave. The Spartacus movement in Germany was the insurrection of the army slave and of the navy slave against the most brutal discipline of the world. Germany wished to go forth with her fleet and do or die in one great effort against England, but the slaves refused to go; and she wished to sell the end of empire dearly, but the military slaves refused to fight any more. In France, in Italy, in England, and America, it is the proletariat as a whole which has the slave consciousness and wishes to make war upon authority. In short, the great world ferment which threatens crowns and presidencies and parliaments and companies and churches and institutions is one and the same at bottom with Bolshevism.

Lenine, who has something of genius, is associated with the positive aspect of Bolshevism and the world movement of the proletariat. He is said to discountenance the 'hates' of Trotzky and to regard the 'atrocities' committed by subordinates as perhaps natural but not important. He has

* *The Cherry Orchard.* By Anton Chekhof.

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said 'Revolutions come when they are due,' and they cannot be stopped. He has recognized that the new order which he has set up in Russia cannot be simply Russian order but must become a world order. Thus the purely Russian cry of 'All power to the Soviets' became merged in the world-wide cry of 'Proletarians of all countries, unite!' He has reversed the common view of 'Progress,' which usually assumes a bettering of the lot of the individual and a gradual working up toward the improvement of a nation and then of mankind as a whole. Lenine envisages humanity as a whole, universal society in a new order, and proposes to get that first and then work back to the individual. The former notion of progress was the working from a centre: the new is a working from an outermost circumference of civilization as a whole. That outermost circumference, which includes innumerable concentric circles or halting places, is the perfect round of human unity and real genuine universal brotherhood. While it implies on the positive side certain vague consummations of ideals, it implies on the negative the destruction of various substantial institutions. There is to be the universal family, but the individual family is to be broken. All the nepotism and family favoritism from which humanity has suffered more than from the divine right of kings or the parasitism of courts has to go. 'Protection' and 'influence' and 'privilege' pass. The community takes greater cognizance of and responsibility for the position of children. Even marriage loses a good deal of its legal exclusiveness, and there is so much truth in the propagandized atrocity of the socialization of women that it is the exaggeration of a tendency. It should be remembered that the new Russians strongly object to the use of the word 'nationalization' — what we call 'nationalization' they call 'socialization.' They would not nationalize the coal mines but socialize them, make them be run not for the good of one nation solely but for the good of humanity as a whole. The socialization of wealth is the destruction of private ownership. It has been truly said: 'Make men lose the sense of property and they will gain the sense of the ownership of the whole world.'

The struggle of the new forces and the old may be called the struggle of property *versus* no property. In Great Britain especially there is an endeavor to make the nation a nation of property owners and small capitalists. The governing class views with complacency the broad appeal of War Loans and Victory Bonds, because they have given the comparatively poor a material stake in the stability of the state. We emerge, indeed, officially as the champions of the bourgeois order. How far that official attitude is representative of the people as a whole is another matter. But we have so far understood the significance of Bolshevism that we refuse to regard it as a local and accidental phenomenon, and it is commonly understood that in fighting for Denikin and Kolchak we are fighting, not for ourselves or the Russians alone, but for humanity as a whole — 'to rid humanity of the curse of Bolshevism,' as it is styled in current phrase.

It cannot, however, be said that the heterogeneous army of the counter-revolution is purely one of capital fighting labor, or of masters fighting insurgent slaves. In the ranks of Denikin and Kolchak and supporting them with their energies are many upholders of the old régime, many who love the army for its own sake and war for its own sake, some

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idealists, some place seekers, a great number of gallant gentlemen who do not know what they are doing, and a great number of Russians and English who have been forced into a fight in which they have no interest. The British and French support is so unpopular with the democratic masses of Great Britain and France respectively that it is only given clandestinely. While officially supposed to be withdrawing, the troops are cynically ordered to advance and attack. In this respect no king, not even Charles the First of England, showed such a contempt for the will of the people being governed. That contempt, however, is not unmarked by the masses of the people, and strikes the red leaven yet deeper into the common body of our working classes. The question is asked: What are we fighting for? To destroy Bolshevism? but what to put up in its place? Jealous labor, with an unreasoning hate of the very name of Tsar, assumes that it is to resurrect the Tsar. 'The Tsar is not dead; at the right moment he will be produced,' says labor, not knowing that, though the thousand-year-old tree may be cut down in a day, it cannot be grown again in less than a thousand years.

The curious thing is that while Kolchak is generalissimo and has the power of dictator he is not responsible to any civil power. The British Government has paid and supported a Russian embassy in London all the while — but an embassy of what? An embassy primarily of Imperial Russia and secondarily of the Provisional Government. But Kerensky, the latest and supreme representative of that government, was thoroughly cold-shouldered by the British and French Governments. Strictly speaking, M. Nabokof was M. Kerensky's *chargé d'affaires* at London. But he does not fulfill that rôle. He is instead the *chargé d'affaires* of M. Kolchak, it must be presumed.

Kolchak, however, should he win through, cannot govern as an autocrat. It is presumed he would call some sort of Parliament on a basis of property-owning franchise, and some one would come back to power. Monarchists like Mme. Novikof or Count Spirdonitch look to the rise of some scion of the Imperial house. Cadets like M. Milyukof and Sir Paul Vinogradof look to see their own peculiarly bourgeois party in power. M. Briantchaninof and his circles look to the establishment of a white Internationale and a sort of Christian communism instead of the materialism of the Soviets. And the British will back anybody who stands for British business. But an election in Russia on a basis of universal franchise would certainly not bring the Cadets to power, for they have nothing in common with the masses. And it would not bring in a government favorable to the reëstablishment of monarchy, nor one ready to accept the obligation of Russia's enormous foreign debts. There is every reason to believe that even should it vote against Bolshevism it would bring in Bolshevism under another name. The second Bolshevism, however, probably would be openly Christian, would shed the murderous aspect of Red Bolshevism and become a more credible and creditable expression of human ideals.

Whatever happens in Russia will happen again in the rest of Europe. If the pan-human ideal wins there, it will win through the world and the new order will come. But if the 'property owners' triumph there, they will triumph elsewhere also, with their eternal quarrelings and envy and fear and strife. The old pre-1914 order will be reëstablished with its bitterness

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and narrowness, its wars and chances of wars, its huge armaments to protect property, its tariffs, customs barriers, bureaus of propaganda, and international hate and rivalry. All change is ugly and disconcerting, and Bolshevism in many of its aspects is ugly, but in the struggle is something which is the hope of the world. It is an accepted phrase that millions have suffered and died in order that there might be no more war. We all started off gayly on the 'war to end war,' but we hardly dared to affirm it as the war to secure brotherhood. The war, however, which by no means ended on November 11, 1918, goes on to affirm that end. It seems an insane paradox that in order to affirm universal brotherhood we must indulge in universal slaughter.

Still struggles darkest night in Russia, and in that night the dissonances clash. There is no rational hope of a new day. Russia is the same as despair. And yet, as she has always been saved by miracle and not by reason, will it not happen so again? I look for a miracle and that Bolshevism may become Christian.

The London Quarterly Review, October

TIMIDITY AND TAMENESS IN WILD CREATURES

BY FRANCES PITT

THOUGH the whole trend of modern scientific thought is to lay stress on the fact that animals differ from us in degree rather than in kind, yet the moment we go out into the open the widespread fear, the overwhelming horror, that most undomesticated creatures display at the approach of a human being, the panic with which nearly all flee, show what an awful and fearsome thing he is to them. Man is an object of horror, the dealer of death and destruction, with which they have nothing whatsoever in common. The wild animals that one moment were feeding happily in company with horses and cattle, the rabbits nibbling the grass, the starlings perching on the beasts' backs, or hopping in and out between their legs, have fled for their lives at the mere sound of a human footfall. In all countries inhabited by man the tale is the same, wild creatures are always *wild*, so that the term '*wild* life' has come to be synonymous with Nature. It gives one a strange, almost uncanny, thrill of joy to see any undomesticated creature going freely about its business in happy unconsciousness that a person is near. Anyone who has stalked feeding rabbits on a summer evening, creeping closer and closer while they nibble busily at the grass, will know what I mean. A rabbit stops eating, sits up, listens for a moment, then washes its face with strangely catlike movements, licking its paws, and passing them hastily over its head, behind each ear, and finishing by drawing them down over its nose. Then it turns round and licks its sides, parting and dressing the fur most carefully, even its white

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stomach being attended to, and finally each hind leg is stretched out and the pads of the feet licked until free from any speck of dirt. After which, with a quick impatient shake of its forefeet, it sits up and looks about it. For a minute those great listening ears attend to all the faint sounds of life that fill the air on even the stillest of evenings, then with a flick of its hind legs, and a view of a bobbing white tail, it hops off through the grass, to eat more busily than ever with the dozen or more of its cousins and other relatives that are also hard at work. But though they seem so absorbed, an incautious movement on the part of the spectator, such as stepping on a twig and making it crack, will send them in an instant racing home. They are gone in a second: fear breaks in upon the peaceful scene, and immediately they are fleeing for dear life.

That this great fear of man has been acquired through bitter experience is shown by the many well-authenticated accounts of the tameness of the birds and beasts on islands uninhabited by human beings. Who that has read it can ever forget Darwin's account of the birds of the Galapagos Archipelago when he visited the islands in 1835? The extreme tameness of the birds was remarkable, and this disposition was common to 'all terrestrial species — namely, to the mocking thrushes, the finches, wrens, tyrant flycatchers, the dove, and carrion buzzard. All of them often approached sufficiently near to be killed with a switch, and sometimes, as I myself tried, with a cap or hat. A gun here is almost superfluous; for with the muzzle I pushed a hawk off the branch of a tree. One day, while lying down, a mocking thrush alighted on the edge of a pitcher made of the shell of a tortoise, which I held in my hand, and began very quietly to sip the water; it allowed me to lift it from the ground while seated on the vessel: I often tried, and very nearly succeeded, in catching these birds by their legs.' And further on the writer adds: 'It would appear that the birds of this archipelago, not having as yet learned that man is a more dangerous animal than the tortoise or the amblyrhynchus, disregard him in the same manner as in England shy birds, such as magpies, disregard the cows and horses grazing in our fields.' Darwin gives many other instances of the confiding tameness of birds on oceanic islands, and with regard to those of the Falklands remarks: 'As the birds are so tame here, where foxes, hawks, and owls occur, we may infer that the absence of all rapacious animals at the Galapagos is not the cause of their tameness there.'

To us who live in long-inhabited countries, where the hawk is the symbol of everything that is wild, perhaps the most striking sentence in the foregoing account is that which refers to the hawk which was so fearless that it was pushed off a branch with the muzzle of the gun! The truth of the matter undoubtedly is that we have made the fear that we find about us. For countless thousands of years, since primitive man first hurled stones at the beasts around him and tore apart with his bare hands such as he chanced to kill, feasting savagely on their raw and uncooked flesh, we have been killing the least frightened and nervous, the most confiding and approachable, of every species of bird and mammal worth the slaying. Geologists tell us of the Palæolithic and Neolithic Ages during which man passed from the stage of fashioning the roughest of stone implements up to the time when he had learned to make highly finished bronze ones,

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but these tools, whether highly finished or of the roughest description, were chiefly weapons of destruction. From the earliest period of which we know, man has been bent on killing the animals about him. However long the Palæolithic and Neolithic Ages may have lasted, and we cannot be positive to a good many thousand years one way or the other, we can say quite certainly that at any rate in Europe the creatures of the wild have been chased and hunted by man for a length of time that is appreciable even when one is thinking in geological periods. During those numberless thousands of years every bird and beast that has been more tame and confiding than its fellows has been killed, only the wary and wideawake escaping. Any species of an amiable and unafraid disposition has paid for its tameness with extinction. When we consider how long this extermination of unwary species, and the weeding out of the tamer individuals of the naturally wilder kinds, has been going on, can we wonder that fear of man is now thoroughly implanted in all the wild creatures living in long-inhabited lands? It has simply been a matter of the survival of the wildest. Only the most cautious and suspicious have been able to bring up and launch families into the world. The selection of the most timid has made our wild creatures what they are — shy, timid, bundles of nerves, ready to take fright at anything and everything, especially anything which has to do with the human race

This brings us to a point which must never be forgotten when we attempt to tame a wild animal, and that is, that this fear, acquired through countless generations of selection, is to a very large extent instinctive or inherited. The disposition to jump at a sound, to take fright and flee at the least movement, is a part of the very creature itself, for it cannot help the impulse, which is born in it. Fear is part of its composition, it is frightened of all that is strange and curious — above all, of man. But it should be clearly understood that there is no instinctive fear of man as man, no pre-knowledge of all he is and what he can do. A young bird or beast is afraid of a person because he is a strange and unusual object, and its nervous, highly strung temperament makes it fear anything that is startling and unusual. Fear of man as man is learned by each young creature afresh, just as every child has to learn to talk anew. Much is learned by bitter experience, and a good deal by example. Young animals are led off by their elders, young birds follow the old ones when they fly off in alarm, but the confidence of ignorance may often be seen, such as the foolhardy young sparrows that feed on crumbs by the window while their parents remain cautiously at a distance, or venture into the wire trap that the old ones are too cunning to go near. How often, too, when old rabbits are racing away as hard as they can go, do we see small ones stop and look back to see what all the fuss is about!

We may take it that there is in every wild animal a generalized foundation of fear, which is instinctive or hereditary, and which instinct has been chiefly developed to meet the destructiveness of mankind, but that particularized fear must be relearned, and is quickly acquired by each individual of every generation. It is sometimes asserted that particularized fear of man is hereditary, and as evidence is given the behavior of young birds in the nest, which will crouch in fear at the sight of a person, but they crouch just the same when a

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horse or cow goes near (though in later life they take no notice of such animals), so we may be sure that in each case they are merely frightened by a large strange creature irrespective of what it may be.

This long introduction brings me to the real subject of this article, and that is the taming of wild animals. I have shown what nervous, timid, highly strung things they are, and that to overcome this inherent fear and obtain their confidence is no easy matter. First of all it must be pointed out that it is no use attempting to do anything with birds and beasts unless you are really fond of them, have real sympathy with their whims, ways, and moods, regarding them, moreover, not merely as 'dumb animals,' but as real personalities. That phrase, 'dumb animals,' betrays more ignorance of the life around us than any other ever invented by our race, for, though no species save man has an articulate language, no one who has watched and attended to the ways of birds and beasts can doubt that they very thoroughly manage to convey to each other their wishes and intentions. Each, in its own way, communicates with its fellows, and if their language is not our language it at any rate serves their purpose exceedingly well. Certainly the amount of individuality that there is among the different specimens of the same species can only be realized by those who have had much to do with wild creatures. No one mammal or bird is ever in character and behavior the exact duplicate of the next; each differs in some way from its neighbor, so you can never depend on any two animals doing exactly the same thing under the same circumstances — in fact, we find that individuality reigns as supreme throughout Nature as it does throughout man, but then, after all, man is a part of Nature!

When one wishes to tame any bird or mammal it is necessary to study it, to learn its personality from beginning to end, and to do everything with a view to convincing it that these terrifying people around it are not so many walking embodiments of destruction, but really its best friends. Occasionally a creature will realize this quite soon and suddenly, another will take many weeks before its distrust is overcome. A pine-marten, which I still have, lost her fear in a rather curious way. She was caught among the Westmorland fells while quite young, and was probably not six weeks old when she came into my hands. Poor little thing, how terrified she was, the journey from the North to the Midlands drove her nearly frantic, and after I had got her home I feared that she was really untamable. She would crouch shivering in the corner of her cage, a wee atom of gray-brown fur that ought to have been hiding with her mother in a hole under a ledge of rock on the face of a Westmorland crag. When touched, she bit and scratched like a mad thing, and her long stoatlike body was by no means easy to hold. The days passed, I offered her every dainty that I could think of, and yet she got no tamer. As a rule one can get at any animal through its stomach, but she seemed to be the exception. It is true she was getting bold enough to lick honey off a spoon, but her resentment and fear of being touched was as great as ever. In passing, I must remark that though the pine-marten is a flesh-eater, it is exceedingly fond of sweet things, and honey or jam is the greatest of treats. Well, the days passed and the Mart, as she had been named, was as intractable as ever, but one morning, wishing to clean her cage out, I let her loose in the room — wondering, as I did so, how I should get her home again. She

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darted away to the other end of the room, where I noticed that she seemed more interested in what was going on and less terrified than usual, but when, the business being finished, I tried to drive her back into the cage, she sprang away from me as hastily as ever. She had grown very much, and was now as big as a ferret and as active as a squirrel. She jumped on to a chair, leaped from it to the mantelpiece, and was evidently going to take a flying spring to the top of the cage when the little cloth that was on the mantelpiece slipped, and she lost her footing. Leaping blindly to save herself from falling, she landed on my shoulder!

I do not know which was the most astonished, me or the Mart. Thank goodness, I did not move! I stood quite still, and for nearly a minute she did not move either, then she began to sniff cautiously at my clothing, and after a little smelling climbed quietly down to the ground. Very gently I moved off and fetched a spoonful of jam, she accepted it as a peace offering, licked the spoon clean, and then had a second helping. From that day forward we were the best of friends: she had found out that there was really nothing to be afraid of, and the next morning she began to play with me, hopping and dancing like a kitten. Never again did she attempt to bite, and soon learned, not only to take food from my fingers, but to lick them with her dainty pink tongue. Now, whenever I go into her place, she jumps on to my shoulder, hangs round my neck, or slides to the ground again for the mere pleasure of tobogganing down my skirt. Once having given me her confidence she gave it completely, but it was a very long time before she trusted other members of the family, and to this day she dislikes strangers, refusing as a rule to have anything to do with them. Before leaving the subject of the marten I should like to say, for the benefit of those who have never met with a specimen of this rare animal, that in its full winter coat it is an exceedingly beautiful creature, being as big as a small cat, but like a ferret in build, having the coat and brush of a squirrel, with the face and expression of a fox. A more lovely and fascinating creature than my Mart when she dances and plays no one could wish to meet with.

The task of taming a wild animal is simplest when one begins with it very young. A baby creature has so much less to unlearn, though you cannot get rid of the foundation of fear, that quick, highly strung disposition which, given the necessary stimulus, may quicken into life and undo all your work. I shall never forget little Toby the fox-cub, who, tame though she was, in the end 'went wild.' She and another cub of the same litter were brought to me when apparently but twenty-four hours old. They were very tiny, blind, and helpless, and I had to feed them with milk from a fountain-pen filler. Of the long struggle to rear them I have not space to tell here, how I had to get up in the night to feed them, how they were kept warm with hot-water bottles, how Jack caught a cold and died, and how Toby grew up into the most fearless, mischievous, wicked, lovable little imp that ever made herself a nuisance in a house. No mother was there to teach her fear, her natural instincts slumbered, she cared not an atom for anybody, made friends with all, and went where she pleased. She teased the cats and dogs, she invaded the bedrooms, and ate the bootlaces out of the boots that she found under the dressing-tables (I am afraid to think how many shillings I spent in bootlaces — best porpoise-hide — for my father's boots), and generally got into more mischief than half a dozen

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puppies. She would romp about the place like a mad thing, racing round the garden, rushing at one, and trying to get a companion for the game. It did seem strange to see that wildest of wild creatures, a fox, the tamest of household pets. I did not see why she should not go on being tame; she knew no other life, she knew not fear, why should she ever run away? But one day she ran out as usual, was seen playing on the lawn, and when I went to look for her a few moments later had vanished. I called and called, searched and hunted in vain, no Toby was to be found, and I have never seen her from that day to this! Of her fate I have no idea, but have always thought that something startled her, and that the surprise and fright called up all the wild instincts inherited from countless generations of ancestors that had hunted and been hunted, so she made straight for the woods and vanished into the wild.

A somewhat similar case was that of a young starling which had been hand-reared, and was so tame that it would sit on your finger and pick flies off the window pane. It let one carry it about even out-of-doors, and showed no wish whatever to fly away, yet a person coming unexpectedly round a corner startled it as much as if it had never seen anyone before, it flew straight away, and like the fox-cub, vanished utterly and completely.

Take, too, the behavior of 'Miss Pankhurst,' a young thrush which was taken from the nest while quite young. Though small and by no means full-fledged, she already knew the difference between a human hand and her mother's bill, and, refusing to open her beak for food, had to be forcibly fed — hence the name! Soon she recognized the error of her ways, learned that she must look to me for the endless supply of worms for which she kept up an incessant squeaking, and began to flutter toward me whenever I came near. Getting stronger on the wing, I took her into an unheated greenhouse where she could fly about among the plants, and here she would fly to me the minute I came in, squeaking anxiously for the worms which I was in the habit of dropping into her wide-open beak. But one day she discovered what I had overlooked, and that was a pane of broken glass in the roof. It did not take her long to take advantage of this discovery, and once outside she had no intention of returning to the greenhouse. The bird, which an hour or two before flew to me and alighted on my shoulder or head, now that she was out in the open hopped about on the lawn and among the shrubs in the shrubbery, totally disregarding my calls and blandishments. By evening she was so wild that I could not get near her, and as she had been reared for the purpose of an experiment I had to get another nestling, and for a second time go through all the bother of rearing it.

Though these examples show how little it takes to recall the wild fear and instincts, I must add that I have known what is naturally one of the most nervous of creatures — namely, the common brown rat — come to me after a week's freedom. This rat was the most perfectly tame and confiding creature that I have ever had anything to do with — if anything startled him he always ran to me for protection!

Though, in many ways, it is best to get an animal young so that you really never have the trouble of taming it, yet it is a fact that many adult caught creatures become quite as tame and often more docile than those that have been brought up in domesticity. Falconers will tell you that eyases (young hawks taken from the nest) are far more troublesome than haggards

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(adult caught birds), the latter, when thoroughly tamed, being less willful, more docile, and generally having fewer faults. Of course, in the palmy days of falconry the taming of hawks was a fine art, with its recognized rules and procedure, but the principle behind it was and is still the same — namely, to induce what is naturally one of the wildest of creatures to recognize her trainer as the source of her food supply. Once a bird or beast realizes that the person has food, and good food, too, for them, half the battle is won. In the case of hawks, say a peregrine falcon, the bird was immediately hooded so that it should not be frightened nearly to death by the sight of people around it, and thus blindfolded was carried on the fist day and night by the falconer and his assistants. 'If your Hawke be thus in foure or five dayes manned so that she begin to feed eagerly and boldly, then you shall first begin to make her know your whistle and chirping of your mouth.' In this way the bird was taught to associate a call or whistle with food, so that she would soon jump to the fist for dainty morsels, and later come long distances in response to a whistle. Even that most capricious of birds, the sparrow-hawk, was in this way soon made perfectly tame and obedient, the classical case being that of the sparrow-hawk taken by Sir John Sebright, which ten days after its capture was flown at and took a wild partridge! A modern falconer would be very pleased if he could reclaim a sparrow-hawk under a month. It is only by practically living with people that these highly nervous little hawks can be 'manned,' and if one is left long without society it is soon as wild as ever. Of course, hawks are only flown when 'sharp set,' that is, hungry, so that if they fail to take their quarry they are ready to return to fist or lure for the reward which they know will then be theirs. By being taught to associate food and sport with their trainers, these birds, naturally the wildest of wild creatures, become marvelously obedient; take, for example, the peregrine trained for game hawking, which on being cast off, goes up to a great height where she 'waits on' while the men below put the birds up, when from her high pitch she stoops like a thunderbolt at the first grouse or partridge that may be put up.

But with all creatures, whether great or small, lions and tigers trained for exhibition, or tits and sparrows coming for food at one's window, the principle is the same — namely, to reward them with food. Once they find that what they suppose to be their great enemy gives them nicer food than they can get in any other way, they will put their fear on one side and accept the bribe. The trainers of the great carnivora all assert that they can do nothing by intimidation, but marvels with rewards of dainties. How tame the small birds will get everyone who takes the trouble to feed them soon finds out. A suety bone hung to a tree or the creepers by the window will bring all the tit tribe boldly to the house.

We may sum up the secret of taming wild creatures in two words, 'food' and 'patience.' With a plentiful stock of the latter no bird or beast is really untamable, though some are worse than others, but one must remember their inherent wildness, and that to them we human beings stand for the embodiment of death and destruction, so that, however tame and confiding our pet, we cannot afford a thoughtless, hasty action that might revive the natural fear of mankind.

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THE THEATRE AND THE WAR

BY A. B. WALKLEY

ONE must always be a little distrustful of the unanimous. In the world of action, to be sure, unanimity is strength. But in the world of thought, of opinion, of taste, unanimity may be weakness. It may be the result of compromise, of the imitative instinct, of that 'influence of authority in matters of opinion' about which Sir George Cornewall Lewis wrote a treatise once highly esteemed by solemn Victorians, or even of that morbid craving for a 'telling' judgment which is one of the 'diseases of occupation' rife among able editors. There seems, for example, to be a unanimous opinion that the war has gravely menaced, if not destroyed, the art of the theatre. Here, then, is an occasion for exercising a provisional distrust. It may be worth while, at any rate, to beat over the evidence for this opinion on the chance of lighting upon a stray qualification or two. *Donde menos se piensa se levanta la liebre*, as Sancho Panza says: Where you least expect it up starts the hare.

The art of the theatre? Purists of the Crocean school will wince at the phrase. It is just as well to get over this little difficulty at once, for in any æsthetic discussion nowadays it is impossible to ignore Croce. Within the last few years his expressionist theory has pervaded the civilized world. Did not distant Texas get him specially to compose his *Breviary of Æsthetics* for its Rice Institute at Houston? Nay, even Oxford — hitherto known as the place to which bad philosophies go when they die — has lately become aware of this undeniably live philosopher. And Croce will not recognize an art of the theatre or any other separate arts. There are no arts, there is only art. For the philosopher, yes, by all means; but for the practical man the splitting up of art into arts, however unphilosophical it may be, will continue to be found as indispensable as ever. It is of no use in this imperfect empirical world of ours talking about the theatre in terms of 'art' in general; art takes a peculiar color and tone and shape there and, to name no other peculiarity for the moment, it cannot even come into being without a public. A painter may paint his picture, a novelist may write his novel (as Stendhal, for example, professedly wrote his) for 'the happy few,' but a play can no more be played without a public than it can be played without players. Every play is a function, as the mathematicians say, of its public.

And that is how the war has come, in the main, to affect the theatre. It has begun by affecting the public. 'The public, the public,' cried Chamfort, 'how many fools does it take to make a public?' That would be a crude question to ask about the theatrical public, and even a roughly approximate answer might be the despair of statisticians. The important point is, that there have always been in peace as in war two publics in the theatre — in La Bruyère's nomenclature, the 'simples,' the ingenuous, the unsophisticated; and the *habiles*, the sophisticated, the experts. Of course, the first class has always been im-

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mensely preponderant, not only in the theatre but outside it. What the war has done has been to increase this preponderance beyond all measure. The theatre has been swamped by the *simples*. This is the public that has always been called, without a trace of irony and merely from the deference for majorities now instinctive in all civilized societies, the 'great public.' It has also been called 'the many-headed monster,' by poetic license. There is nothing monstrous about it, except its size. It is bland, affectionate, a child can play with it, if not, indeed, write plays for it. It has no *conscious* knowledge of art as such, never theorizes about the drama or, for that matter, about anything. It will as often as not sit out a play without troubling about the author's name, apparently having a vague impression that plays somehow write themselves or are made up by the players as they go along — on the principle of the *commedia dell' arte*. Its interest is an interest not in ideas but in persons seen and heard, and the author is an idea, an abstraction — save on occasional first nights when, coming forward to bow, he is seen and, for one brief moment, believed in. Its interest being personal it not only idolizes the persons of its favorite players, but revels in an intimate knowledge, mainly imaginary, of their private lives. This intense interest in persons, which leads the 'great' public to back horses because of their jockeys and not of their form, to vote for politicians and not for legislative programmes, to select preachers rather than theological systems, gives actors their 'following.' Playwrights — as abstractions, not persons to the naked eye — have no 'following.'

Of course there are other incentives that draw the simple to the theatre. For some it is a place of digestion. Others go, as Johnson once confessed to Baretti he went, to escape from self. That is why many 'intellectuals' in other walks of life become 'simple' in the theatre; to escape from themselves and from brain fag.

> Probably there is nothing [wrote Grant Allen years ago] which serious intellects hate so much as an intellectual treat. To be made to sit out a performance at the Français or the Lyceum would be to a great many of us an unmitigated bore. The silliest song, the most rollicking fun is to many intelligent men a far greater relaxation than the best-mounted pieces of Shakespeare's or Victor Hugo's. Or rather, the one is a relaxation and the other a nuisance.

And so in the category of the theatrically 'simple' will be found many Cabinet Ministers, leading lawyers, and fashionable divines, to say nothing of Crowned Heads and Presidents of Republics. Another great incentive is the pure gregarious instinct. As this is most potent in youth, the 'simple' public is on the whole a young public — and that is why its numbers were so enormously swollen by the war. Streams of khaki and horizon-blue poured into it from the trenches and inundated the theatres of London and Paris.

This is the public for whom the theatre always has mainly to cater and whose demand became under war conditions more insistent than ever. With its intellectual limitations, its spiritual poverty, its untrained taste, what could such a public demand but a vulgar form of art? That is a natural assumption but, on a closer scrutiny, reasons may perhaps emerge for questioning its validity. It behooves us to distinguish. Vulgarity in life is one thing, and vulgarity in art is another. Du Maurier drew a typically vulgar person in Sir Gorgius Midas, but his drawings were the reverse of vulgar. A ballet girl may be in real life a very

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vulgar person, but never in a picture by Degas. Thackeray's snobs were quint-essentially vulgar in themselves, but Thackeray's *Snob Papers* are not vulgar literature. The late Dan Leno presented a whole gallery of vulgar types, but his art was distinction itself. So with George Robey to-day. And the farces and *revues* of which the 'simple' public could never have enough during the war, though their subject-matter was often vulgar enough, were not necessarily vulgar forms of art.

According to the old-fashioned hierarchic notions, tragedy was a higher form of art than farce. But tragedy, if it is imitative, mechanical, insincere, will be vulgar, and farce, if spontaneous, well-knit, in perpetual motion of fun, may be of the highest distinction. And the demand of the 'simple' public is really more exacting than at first sight it appears; indeed there is something about it formidable for the artist who has to meet it. The desires of this public may be gross, but it will brook no failure to satisfy them. It knows nothing of a 'success of esteem.' A poor farce, a dull *revue*, a favorite player who is not 'pulling his weight,' gets short shrift. For this public demands excitement at high pressure, thrills every second, amusement at headlong pace, and has no mercy for the lukewarm, the perfunctory, the dull or the tired performer. Youth will be served. An artist who pleases it, on the other hand, it will idolize and, so long as he is on the stage, will have no eyes for the play itself. In such conditions the art of the theatre tends to become more and more the art of the individual. The part becomes greater than the whole. This implies the supersession of rhythm, pattern, cumulative interest, by a loosely threaded succession of single scenes or, in the music-hall jargon, 'turns.' Against a background of chorus and ballet or of farce-plot are set the talents of individual artists; and they must be real, fresh, vital talents — genuine artistic 'values'— or the 'simple' public will have none of them. A rich temperament, brought to its full power by perfect technique, in complete possession of its resources, dominating its public by natural gift of drollery or wit, or astonishing it by impeccable accomplishment; this is what is demanded and must at all costs be provided. And this, though its raw material may be vulgar, can never be vulgar art.

Where the art of the theatre did really suffer at the hands of the 'simple' public was in its so-called 'war' plays. Some of these, as will be seen, were written for the sophisticated public, but the 'simples' had their own collection, and there is little to be said in its favor. Perhaps the worst misfortune which the drama suffered was due to the mistaken zeal of our Ministry of Propaganda. It invited several prominent playwrights to help the good cause with theatrical tracts. These gentlemen, heroically sinking the artist in the patriot, wrote their little one-act pieces, exhorting us to do war-work, to eat less meat and so forth, and the result, so far as the art of drama was concerned, was the abomination of desolation. Unmitigated boredom swiftly brought this unhappy enterprise to an end, and the poor playwrights concerned must rejoice that oblivion hath scattered over it her poppy.

Needless to say, the 'spy play' flourished exceedingly. Regarded as a topical variant of the detective or 'crook' play — a harmless if humble *genre* — it might pass, save for the inevitable monotony of its cast-iron formula: the triumph of British valor and resource over Teutonic guile and 'frightfulness.' There was always a scene, sometimes several scenes, of

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'hands up'; no cupboard or fireplace or other theatrical 'property' but had its concealed wireless; secret documents provided a paper-chase on the model of *Les Pattes de Mouche;* it snowed white feathers and rained Victoria Crosses. Spy mania, that inevitable accompaniment of war from which none of the belligerent countries has been immune, the 'simple' public was of course least likely to escape. Among its by-products were bad speaking in Parliament, bad writing in the press, and bad art in the theatre.

But this was an external influence. Another and very different influence, not so visible to the naked eye, inherent in the very nature of the thing itself, tends to disqualify the war play as a work of art, and that is the proximity, immediacy, actuality of its theme. Wordsworth's famous remark that poetry takes its origin from 'emotion recollected in tranquillity' is only a particular application of an æsthetic universal. Every æsthetic fact has behind it an emotion recollected, transformed, 'purged' (to use the Aristotelian word) of its immediate reality. So long as our emotion still has us fast in its grip the time to make art of it is not yet. That only arrives in the tranquil stage of pure contemplation. There is no more general error than the confusion between the crude, real emotion of life and the transformed, lyric emotion of art. A notable instance of this confusion is Johnson's criticism of *Lycidas*. He asked if real grief ever expressed itself in that way, an absurd question about what was not the immediate convulsion of grief, but grief tranquilized and transformed. It may seem a far cry from *Lycidas* to a war play, but all art is one and, in so far as it is art at all, a war play must have behind it emotion recollected in tranquillity. The time will come for that, but it has not yet come, while the actual emotions of the war are still hot and strong within us. That is the simple answer to the question so foolishly raised on all sides: why has the war produced no great play? Needless to say, such considerations as these never occur to the 'simple' public, which knows nothing about æsthetics and cares nothing about art as such but is merely in quest of thrills. Now the crude, hot war emotion, though not yet fit to furnish art, is very fit to furnish thrills. Hence innumerable war plays condemned in advance to be bad art.

The objection to the war play during war is, however, not merely æsthetic. Even if the emotion excited by the horrors of war were convertible on the spot into pure art there are many, outside the insatiable pachydermatous public of the 'simples,' who feel that it ought not to be so converted. M. Brisson, for instance, the critic of *Le Temps* writing in 1915 of *La Kommandatur*, a play on the occupation of Belgium, said:

> It was like acting a death-bed scene by the side of a real death-bed. While the actors portray the soul-state of the people in the occupied territory, we remember that these unhappy brethren of ours are not delivered but are still suffering. The idea that in a comfortable box, sheltered from peril, we are getting entertainment out of their tortures, covers us with confusion, humiliates and freezes us. We are conscious of associating ourselves with a profanation.

Belgium had happily been liberated when another Belgian play on this subject, by no less an author than Maurice Maeterlinck, *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde*, was seen in London, but even then the tragic theme, following so close upon the dreadful reality, could not be enjoyed without certain qualms. No, the war will have to await recollection in tranquillity before it can provide pure art.

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These two plays, however, were not for the 'simples' but for the *habiles*, and something of the same misgiving excited by war plays affected this expert public, during the war, about other kinds of drama normally in high favor with it. This is the public which takes the theatre seriously, which has at least dipped into the stage-classics, which prides itself on knowing the traditions. If it has not profoundly explored the art of drama, it is at any rate aware that there is such an art — just as Eton boys, it is said, though they may not know Latin and Greek, at least leave school with a firm conviction that there are such languages. It is headed by the First-Nighters — a sect apart, whose tutelary goddess should be Lucina, for they preside over all theatrical births, and who collect *premières* as bibliophiles collect first editions. Its ranks include all constant frequenters of the theatre (in London, it has been computed, one per cent of the population), whether Shakespeare-olaters, connoisseurs of high comedy, devotees of prominent players, matinee girls, or souvenir hunters. Among these are the extremists or *reveneurs* who visit the same play again and again. As far back as 1865 the *Goncourt Diary* noted:

> Le grand succès d'une pièce à l'heure présente est de créer le *reveneur;* c'est à dire l'homme qui voit vingt fois *Orphée aux Enfers*.

On the outbreak of war, with its sudden transformation of all moral 'values,' this public found itself in a false position. Its serious passion for the mimic world of the theatre looked frivolous, not to say shameful, in the appalling seriousness of the actual world. Under the first shock of war it withdrew in confusion from the playhouse, and when it recovered its self-possession, when it plucked up courage to perceive that drama is, after all, a permanent need of the human spirit, it found itself for some time without dramatists. Before the war its purveyors in ordinary had been mainly of two sorts. On the one hand were the orthodox playwrights, experts in what Garrick once called, to the scorn of Johnson, the 'concoction' of a play, artists always in aim and sometimes in achievement, artists, that is to say, and not moralists, sociologists, propagandists — our Pineros, Joneses, Cartons, Donnays, Lavedans, Bernsteins, Porto-Riches. On the other were the theatrical exploiters and exhibitors of that wonderful modern discovery, the social conscience, artists also in their way, but artists who *used* art and for whom it was seldom if ever an end in itself — a Shaw, a Galsworthy, a Brieux. For a time both these classes were silenced. The old pictures of merely domestic strife had become trivial and the old social thesis, at any rate for an intercalary period, unimportant. Our playwrights were thrown out of their stride and some of them have never recovered it. Paris seems to have fared better than London — as in Sterne's time, 'they do these things better in France.' Tradition is stronger there, thanks to the National Theatre and still more the national temperament, and nothing can keep your true Parisian out of the playhouse. According to M. Brisson, French theatrical industry was never so prosperous as in the years of blood, 1916, 1917. Repertory revivals at the Comédie Française and the Odéon made large profits. There were new and characteristic plays from Bataille and Bernstein and Donnay. Sacha Guitry remained imperturbably his dilettantish, 'detached,' artistic self, just as though there were no war. But in London, though neither the genius of Barrie nor the wit of Maugham nor

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the fine theatre sense of Carton has been crushed by the war, our older playwrights as a rule have been manifestly disconcerted by it. At the same time the ranks of their old patrons, the actor-managers, have been sadly thinned. A little group of business men, very capable men some of them, more capable in divining what the 'great' public wants than the actor-managers they displaced, have largely done the purveying. Thus, while the 'simples' have been richly feasted, the *habiles* have had to go short.

Not that the misfortunes of the old theatrical art during the last few years are altogether to be deplored. It needed a good shake-up and a warning to reconsider its ways. Too much of it had been mechanical, imitative, stale. There was more technique than inspiration. Continental influences, such as they were, had died out. Neither the Sardou influence nor the very different Ibsen influence had ever been potent in the English theatre; the Reinhardt influence was a mere flash-in-the-pan. Native drama was mainly written for a few actor-managers and their leading ladies. But the playwrights and the players, not to mention the rest of the world, became in time 'not so young as they were' and the plays followed suit. The supply was in the hands of a few experts—experts that is in playwrighting but in nothing else, who made the theatre a close preserve. That story is not peculiar to the London stage.

> Une des choses le plus comiques de ce temps [wrote Flaubert to George Sand] c'est l'arcane théâtral. On dirait que l'art du théâtre dépasse les bornes de l'intelligence humaine, et que c'est un mystère réservé à ceux qui écrivent comme les cochers de fiacre.

Our playwrights wrote (one supposes) better than cabmen, but they were seldom if ever *écrivains* in the best sense of the word. And their work constantly tended to become conventional, unrepresentative of 'the very form and pressure of the time,' in a word, theatrical. The regular playgoers had themselves to thank. Playgoing, like drug-taking, creates dreams, but at a price. Victims to the habit lose touch of the outer world, judge plays not by life itself but by other plays. Present them with something fresh, observed, actual, and they cry, with Sarcey, 'ça n'est pas du théâtre.' They preferred the stuffy, and they got it. There was, of course, a party of reaction (blest word!). Its leader was Bernard Shaw, with theories about life, theories about everything under the sun, positively 'sticking out' of him, scornful of theatrical convention, smashing the playhouse windows in order to let in fresh air. Shaw was a powerful alterative and immense fun into the bargain — before the war. But the war left this iconoclast as stranded as the orthodox. When Fanny's First Play was revived everybody wondered how they could ever have been diverted by such futilities as suffragettes, Holloway jail, and grotesque bourgeois. Shaw had suddenly become old-fashioned!

That was because the war had changed our 'values' and shifted our points of view. Such changes, while they leave works of pure art inviolate, are fatal to works constructed on the Shavian principle of using art merely or mainly to gild the propagandist pill. There is room, of course, there is indeed illimitable scope for moral ideas, social ideas, political ideas, every kind of thesis in art; but on the sole condition that they are melted down, completely absorbed. Paradox though it seems, the artist who would enforce a thesis must begin by forgetting it. 'Do you really wish to serve your moral ideas in art?' said the Italian philosopher-critic De Sanctis. 'I give you the sim-

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plest bit of advice: *non ci pensate.*' Much of Shaw as of Brieux has sunk under the weight of theses too well remembered and so never absorbed. Nevertheless, the Shavian drama rendered art an immense service, as the forcible expression of discontent. Discontent is the very life of art as of nearly everything else. Indeed, one might add to the two theatrical publics already examined, a third public: the non-contents. They are necessarily a hole-and-corner lot, fitters-up of 'side-shows,' often mere cranks and wild-cat schemers, blindly turning the stage upside down and the drama inside out; but yet all of them to be cherished in that all are but ministers of discontent and feed its sacred flame. The Théâtre Libre, the Chat Noir, and the Œuvre seemed a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but they revitalized the French theatre. Our own Stage Society gave Shaw his first real recognition. Ibsen got a hearing in Paris and London through side-shows. To-day our little bands of experimenters, Pioneer Players, Art Theatres *e tutti quanti*, are casting about in the void. Some of them try quaint foreign exotics because they are quaint, others vainly suppose that the theatre should be run by painters for painters and would supersede the old Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room, by a new Theatre Royal Top Studio. 'These things are but Toyes.' But freakish experiment is better than smug complacency. It at least implies the saving grace of belief in the Future. The Future? An old theory of Brunetière's should be of great comfort to us about that. It was a theory that great dramatic outbursts follow great wars. There was Greek tragedy after the Persian War, Calderon and Lope de Vega followed close on the Spanish conquests in the New World, Shakespeare after the Armada, the French romantic drama after the Napoleonic campaigns. If this be a right reading of history, the greatest of all dramatic upheavals ought to be confidently expected after the greatest of all wars. But who shall say what will be engulfed and what cast up? Years before the war Anatole France drew a fancy picture of the future world, in which, he conjectured, the theatre will have become almost exclusively musical. 'An exact knowledge of reality' and 'a life without violence' will have made the human race almost indifferent to drama and tragedy, while the unification of classes and sex-equality will have deprived comedy of nearly all its subject matter. But this prediction of M. France (like Coleridge's metaphysics in Lamb's description) was 'only his fun.' Any serious pretense to forecast the theatrical future would be the last imbecility. Who can forecast the future of the novel, of pictorial art, of music? One can but be patiently content to watch and pray.

The Cornhill Magazine

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THE LAST MAN

BY E. L. DARMADY

THE last man was the only child of his parents and his mother died in giving him birth. In its old age the vitality of the race had become impaired and mothers habitually died in childbirth. Few women, only the noblest and most self-sacrificing, would run the risk of maternity, and these fatally bore but one child. Mankind, therefore, diminished with progressive rapidity until the last human birth on the planet had been registered. The Last Man, however, was successfully brought up by his father, who from the earliest educated him for his great mission in life — namely, the preservation of all the knowledge that man had gained during his sojourn on earth, the recording of the secrets he had won from Nature, the final harvesting of the vast body of learning painfully acquired, augmented, and handed down by successive generations of mankind. For this task he was well fitted. The human race in its decadence had grown astoundingly precocious, and the Last Man was an illustrious example of the rule. At the same time the system of education, and especially that of cramming for examinations, had been perfected in the course of centuries to an exact science, so that the Last Man was able to graduate as Bachelor of Arts at the age of thirteen. Shortly after that his father died of senile decay, at forty-three — a great age as things went then.

Thus the Last Man was left alone on earth, the first solitary human being since the days of Adam. But unlike the first man, he felt no loneliness, no desire for an Eve. Indeed, the waning attraction of the sexes for one another in the senescence of the species had contributed to its decline no less than the mortality of the women in childbirth. The Last Man, free from the interruptions which a wife and children might have occasioned, applied himself to his labor with a high degree of concentration and an absolute singleness of purpose. Had he chosen he might have lived a life of complete leisure, since having inherited from his father his holding of the entire stock of the consolidated national debts of the world, now amounting to an incredible figure, he was many times over a millionaire and had no occasion to work for a livelihood. But a sense of duty, developed to the highest extent during the age-long struggle of the human race against adverse surroundings, forbade this course, and without an afterthought the Last Man set about his life's work. The plan of this had already been mapped out by his father before marriage, when it appeared possible that he might occupy the position of Last Man now held by his son. The great storehouse of human knowledge was to take the form of a monumental encyclopædia in forty-eight volumes, with an index in an additional volume. The father had, in fact, collected materials for the work, but the march of science, the progress of civilization, had rendered these obsolete before they could be used. The Last Man, therefore, had to begin from the beginning, but nothing daunted, he set about his colossal task with the same dogged determination to see it through to the end that had made the species of which he was the last survivor the master of the world.

Nevertheless, his work was subject to constant interruptions, for together with the accumulated wealth of mankind he had inherited most of the diseases which are transmissible from parent to child and a constitution little able to resist such as are not hereditary. It is noteworthy that the first syllable

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the Last Man had been able to articulate was not some childish name for food or for his father, but the word signifying pain. So early as the article 'Antediluvian' his eyesight all but failed, and he was only able to continue his work by means of the most powerful glasses and at the cost of racking headaches. When he had reached 'Engineering' he was seized with 'writers' cramp,' from which he was never afterwards wholly free; so that the mechanical process of putting his knowledge on paper, which before had been merely a laborious grind, became henceforward a diabolical torture. But with that tenacity of purpose which had enabled his ancestors to eradicate the thistle and the tiger, and to cause the pig and the potato to increase and multiply, he stuck at his desk daily until his allotted task was accomplished.

Midway in 'Finance' an accidental fire in his library, due to his short-sighted clumsiness, destroyed a good third of his manuscript, and injured him severely in his efforts to rescue the sheets. But with the indomitable perseverance that had helped his forbears to subdue to their purpose the inertia of matter and the motions of the ether, he rewrote the burned portions and pushed ahead with the remaining articles.

Long hours and lack of recreation told upon his already feeble health.

At 'Garden' and at 'Hydrostatics' and again at 'Linotype' he suffered from attacks of persistent insomnia, which culminated at 'Millennium' in loss of memory — amnesia, of all disabilities the most embarrassing for the compiler of an Encyclopædia. His work was now more than re-duplicated, since he was obliged to hunt in books of reference for information of the most elementary character, and to commit at once to paper every fact, however trivial, before it passed from his mind. He lost, moreover, in the aggregate, hours searching for his fountain pen, his spectacles or his notes, which he now perpetually mislaid. But with the inflexible will to conquer that had caused the race of which he was the ultimate representative to exterminate all other varieties of the human stock of a different color to itself, he overcame one obstacle after another. Through every difficulty he struggled on braced by his high resolve and his obstinate sense of duty. 'Zany' was reached, 'Zodiac' passed, 'Zymosis' put behind him, and then at last his task was complete. Only when the proofs had been corrected, and the forty-eight volumes, together with the Index and a supplementary volume descriptive of changes that had occurred while the work was in the press, had been returned from the printers and binders, did he take to his bed, the bed that was to be his deathbed.

As he lay there, opening his eyes from time to time to look upon the volumes as he lazily spun them about in the revolving bookcase designed to hold them, suddenly he saw standing by his bedside an Angel. In a flash the Last Man realized what the Angel had come for — to carry up to Heaven his Great Work, the Record of all Man had accomplished on earth, the Sum Total of the Knowledge Man had wrung from his environment. The Angel divined his thought. Thoughts need not to be translated into words to reach the intelligence of Angels. He shook his head pityingly. 'My poor fellow,' he said, 'my reason for coming is not what you suppose. I have not come for your knowledge. Man's knowledge is of use only to Man. When Man ceases to be, at the same moment the value of his knowledge will cease.' As he heard these words the heart of the Last Man sank within

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him. His life work had been wasted. More than that, Man's span of existence on earth had been in vain. A bitterness worse than death gripped him. Still, by an effort greater than any he had been called upon to make hitherto, by a supreme effort of courage, will, and determination the Last Man mastered himself, hid his disappointment from the Angel, and died with a straight face.

But as he expired the Angel stooped quickly forward and, with a charmingly wrought vessel that he had brought for the purpose, caught his last breath as it left his lips, and with it that stubborn spirit of man that had made him lord of the earth, of all things living and without life, master of his fellow men, and finally, last and greatest conquest, master of himself, lord of his own soul. Then, soaring aloft, the Angel bore it through space a thousand light years to a point in the sky where two extinct suns in colliding had given birth from their wreckage to a novel solar system.

Opening the vessel, he set free its contents into the chaos of flame, and flew back to rejoin the heavenly choir, leaving man's spirit to inform and order the world in growth, and to achieve another cycle of destiny in its series of infinity.

The New Statesman

THE GEORGE ELIOT COUNTRY

BY CHARLES G. HARPER

THIS year sees the centenary of the birth of Mary Ann Evans, 'George Eliot' of Middle Victorian literary celebrity, who was born on November 22, 1819, at Arbury Farm in the vicinity of the now extremely busy Warwickshire town of Nuneaton. The name 'Evans' is, of course, distinctly Welsh, but the family came immediately from Derbyshire, where the future novelist's father, Robert Evans, was land agent and farmer under the Newdigates at Kirk Hallam. But no one is named 'Evans' without significance, and the forbears of George Eliot can be traced back to Northop, in the sufficiently Welsh region of Flintshire, where her grandfather was a builder and carpenter in a small way of business.

In the service of Francis Newdigate we find Robert Evans so trusted that when that country gentleman inherited the Arbury property, Evans accompanied him, and was so successful in estate management that he eventually managed a number of other large estates in Warwickshire. He was a convinced and particularly hard-shell Tory, born and educated and living his life in the entire conviction that the squires of that age were a superior kind of being; and he called his daughter Mary Ann; a homely christening which she afterwards adapted into Marian. Mary Ann, I can imagine him thinking, good honest man, sufficient for him and his; while Marian was the right of his betters. He died in 1849, when living in Coventry, having retired from the management of estates and from his home at Griff, between Coventry and Nuneaton.

It is not a particularly inspiring region, the vicinity of Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, where Mary Ann Evans spent her early years. It is not the beautiful Warwickshire of Shakespeare, but that more northerly part which even in her time was being exploited in the colliery way and is now being additionally eviscerated and sorted over by quarrymen in search of road-metal. Her birthplace, South Farm, Arbury, is near the gates of the park of Arbury Hall, and the Evans's home, to which they removed some months later, is still to be seen in the rather stately

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house at Griff, on the road to Astley and Coventry. There she passed her first twenty-one years. The little cottage, formerly a dame-school to which she and her brother were first sent, is yet pointed out at Griff, and one may see Miss Lathom's school at the village of Attleborough on the other side of Chilvers Coton, where she joined her elder sister, Christiana. Attleborough is a pleasant enough village, very much less a place than the 'borough' in its name would suggest. It is entirely rural and has completely escaped the industrial development of Nuneaton; but it has few outstanding features, except the quaintly-pretty gazebo, or summer pavilion, on the garden wall of an old mansion, overlooking the highway.

The Newdigates of Arbury Hall were blissfully unconscious that the studious younger daughter of their estate-agent at Griff was absorbing impressions of themselves, their home, and their ancestors, in later years to picture them as the 'Cheverels' of 'Cheverel Manor' in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*. They did not quite relish the performance, but there is little or nothing to their discredit in the story; and, indeed, the portrait drawn of Sir Christopher Cheverel, a fine type of the old English country baronet, is charming and appreciative. The story itself in fact is, as a whole, infinitely superior to *Janet's Repentance* or the *Sad Story of the Reverend Amos Barton*. The original of Sir Christopher was Sir Roger Newdigate, the very cultivated eighteenth-century baronet who at great cost entirely remodeled Arbury Hall in a style then fondly thought to be Gothic. If, indeed, we cannot now admire the work he performed, it is only because since then we have learned better; and although to Gothic purists his architectural details have the inevitable vices of that early Gothic revival,—the Strawberry Hill taste and the carpenter-Gothic and Batty Langley manner,—his intentions and the results were as good as the period permitted. Nor was Pugin himself, although later and greatly reverenced, without his very serious artistic insufficiencies.

At any rate, Arbury Hall, in its fine park, makes a fine picture from a little distance and merits the glowing description of it in the story, and Sir Roger Newdigate himself is worthy of respect. He was member of Parliament for Oxford University during the thirty years 1750–1780; active in developing his lands, and a connoisseur of art and patron of literature: founder of the 'Newdigate Prize Poem at Oxford.'

It was at Ellastone that Robert Evans, George Eliot's father, passed his early years and worked as a carpenter with his brother Samuel; and it was partly from reminiscences of her father's talk and from her uncle Samuel's wife's preaching experiences that the author constructed the very powerful and moving story of *Adam Bede*. Adam and Seth Bede were her father and uncle idealized, and 'Dinah Morris' was her uncle's wife, similarly treated; while Ellastone figures as 'Hayslope,' the adjacent town of Ashbourne as 'Oakbourne,' Norbury as 'Norbourne,' and Dovedale as 'Eaglebourne.' Staffordshire and Derbyshire are respectively 'Loamshire' and 'Stonyshire.' The 'Bromley Arms,' a very fine architectural work, rather the worse for wear and missing the custom of the jolly old coaching and posting days, is the 'Donnithorne Arms,' of the story, and the description of it and of the village green is close to actual fact, although the author had but little acquaintance with the place; depending upon remembered conversations with her

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father. Ashbourne, through which Adam Bede walked in his quest for Hetty Sorrel, is, in the picturesque way, the pilgrim's best discovery. There soars the beautiful stone spire of an exceedingly large and very fine church: the 'Pride of the Peak,' it has been styled, but why I know not, for it is not anywhere near the Peak. Nor is it actually what George Eliot styles it, 'the finest mere parish church in the kingdom.' Boswell, a more accurate person, is, however, right in describing it as 'one of the largest and most luminous churches that I have ever seen in any town of the same size.' Within it are the many striking monuments of the old Cockayne family. The street leading up to it is of a grave and almost collegiate character. I regret to say, at the same time, that Ashbourne, according to Charles Cotton, fellow angler with Izaak Walton, once owned the invidious distinction of being at once famous for the best malt and notorious for the worst ale in England. I sincerely trust the second clause has become obsolete.

The Mill on the Floss, successor to *Adam Bede*, was published in 1860. It centres about a region far away from the author's home, for the town of 'St. Oggs' is in reality Gainsborough, and the river Floss is the Trent. The heroine, Maggie Tulliver, is George Eliot as she saw herself, or would have liked herself to be; of a 'simple, noble beauty,' not the plain woman with the thick coarse open lips her portraits disclose; and the love of brother and sister is that which she had for her brother Isaac. This, the really true and most admirable part of the story is, like all that is good in George Eliot's works, reminiscence.

The sole connection of the author with Gainsborough was a visit she had paid to the neighborhood in 1845, when she was guest of the Reverend Frederick von Stürmer at Merton Hall, beside the river, not quite two miles from the town. It was this year that the National Schools bazaar was held in the Old Hall at Gainsborough, as described in the story. Recollecting this, she revisited Gainsborough in 1858 — a very brief visit, the journey there and back occupying only three days — for the purpose of verifying her observations. Gainsborough is a very outlying George Eliot landmark, and her interest in it was, as we see, purely commercial, but the town is closely described, as also is that tidal-wave, the 'bore' or 'eagre' on the river which completes Maggie Tulliver's tragedy.

A grim and dirty old town is Gainsborough, busy in the oil-cake and timber way, and with black-browed wharves on the dun-colored river, and many ships and barges. It has not improved in the picturesque sort since the novel was written. But there yet stands the Old Hall; a very old hall, alike in its history and in the existing architecture. On the site of it Sweyn had his palace and there Alfred the Great married Ethelswitha. The existing building dates back to 1480, when Lord Burgh built himself an extremely lordly residence. To his period belongs the beautiful stone five-sided oriel window, and to later years the brick towers and half-timbered body of the hall. 'It would have been worth while to go even from a distance to see the fine Old Hall; with its open roof and carved oaken rafters, and great oaken folding doors, and light shed down from a height on the many-colored shadows beneath: a very quaint place with broad stripes painted on the walls, and here and there a show of heraldic animals of a bristly, long-snouted character, the cherished emblem of a noble family, once the seigneurs.'

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Yes 'bristly and long-snouted' indeed, for they are pigs, the badge of the Bacon family, who yet own the Old Hall.

The King's Highway

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THE scene, as we remember it, is a class-room in a provincial grammar school. It is a hot day at the end of July, and fifty-two boys in a double room into which the sun pours through four great windows are fidgeting with their feet while they wait drearily for the results of the Junior School examinations to be announced. A youngish master comes into the room with a thin blue book in his hand, and announces that he proposes to wile away the time by reading a story from this book. The boys gape uneasily, but conclude that on the whole anything is better than the sun and boredom. Half an hour later they have forgotten the heat, the examinations, the end of the term, the break-up. 'Good Hunting!' they are shouting to one another. '"Good Hunting," said Mowgli.'

So that when he hears Rudyard Kipling abused, one of these boys remembers how Mowgli and Kaa put out the sun for him, and even consoled him for the loss of the prize, which he thought (quite improperly) that he had deserved, for English literature. And in the light of that experience he is inclined to remember the other half a dozen supreme books for children. That there are such books and that they are very few cannot be disputed. They stand out of the ruck, as plainly as Shakespeare or Shelley. They do not abide grown-up question. The children have finally answered for them.

Let us (and we are speaking now for English children only) recite their well-loved names. Of the Fairy Stories there is first, foremost, and all the time, Hans Andersen, and though a long way off, still in the climate of supremacy, Grimm. All the colors of the rainbow and a heart of the metal to fill the crock at its foot cannot so exalt Andrew Lang's fairy-books — red, green, yellow, and I do not know what colors else. *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Through the Looking Glass*, take their place with effortless certainty, the more bewildering in their attractiveness for being only partly fairy. There follow these, and perhaps precede them as being outside time and space, Nursery Rhymes — not the botched and altered rubbish which we are constantly meeting latterly, but the true rhymes of *Mother Goose;* not forgetting, among others, that Hector Protector who was dressed all in green, and least of all 'Tom the Piper's Son.'

So far we imagine nobody will quarrel with us. The other names are not so easy, but not only for old sake's sake we have no hesitation whatever in admitting both the Jungle Books into the charmed circle. We cannot do the same for *Brer Fox*, because he is an American, and we are concerned with English children. Nor will we give the entrée to *Water Babies*. We know a person of the female sex, aged six, who observed politely that *Water Babies* ought to be read to her doll, who, she added reflectively, had been remarkably naughty. We hasten to add that we attach weight to her criticism, which is entirely disinterested, as she had all the books mentioned above, and *Water Babies*. We are speaking of children's books, and for that reason exclude both *Treasure Island* and *Robinson Crusoe*. But we have no hesitation in inviting Robert Louis to take his place with *The Child's Garden of Verses*. Not only grown-ups but children realize the virtue of

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The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart,
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

There remains Sir James Barrie. We wish we knew whether *Peter Pan*, like the statue in Kensington Gardens, has been introduced at the expense of the inventor and not at the request of the children. Frankly, we are very doubtful about Peter. On the other hand, the critic already referred to means to see him again next Christmas. If we refer back to the boy we remember, he did n't know Peter, but he did know and love Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine. He would have substituted them for Peter. And he would n't have minded if Pierrot had cried:

Ma chandelle est morte
Je n'ai plus de feu
Ouvre ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu.

After all, it 's French, and that does n't prevent Pantaloon from having trouble with the Poker.

What is it that children want in their books that they find in the volumes which we have named? They want, first and foremost, to hear nothing which they have not heard before. That may sound nonsense to grown-ups, but it is perfectly obvious to people between three and four feet high. They are so new themselves, that they require for their mental nourishment something old, something that a great many children have liked and known, and they want it unchanged. Now to the critic who observes that half the books we included are comparatively recent — we reply that on the contrary they are incorrigibly ancient. Let us for instance examine 'Mowgli.' Has n't every child in the world lived at some time in a forest, not excluding even the tragic little ones who never see anything but bricks and mortar (and decayed bricks and mortar at that) all their lives! And has n't every child had an adventure with wolves? Ever since the days of the naked chalk the wolves have been hanging about our lintels and harassing the babies. Well, Mowgli avenged the other babies by ruling over the wolves — which is as it should be. And the Bandar-log; we need n't read Darwin to remember days when we went in a flung festoon.

half-way up to the jealous moon.

To be perfectly candid, the lady we have referred to before thinks that if she were permitted she would easily catch a squirrel in a tree. And as for Kaa, we all know who gave Eve the apple.

Having demonstrated, therefore, that no children's story is any good unless it is second-hand, it remains only to say that there are very few possible themes and consequently very few possible books. Children, let it be observed, are not clever, but they are savagely wise. What they know they know, and they don't wish to be cheated about it. It is no good telling them stories about children that could n't exist, or about scenes they can't envisage. *Water Babies* would have done except for all that stuff about scientists and rock-formations. It was quite right as long as the chimney-sweep's boy just was an eft, but when lectures on zoology were followed by lectures on morals by curious women with horrible names, clearly that was cheating. Because you must n't tuck lessons away into fairy books.

And, finally, children's books must be suitable to a gentle voice and a subdued light. They must be ready, in short, to melt into dreams, and have the quality of a voice that nobody ever forgets, but which we dare n't mention

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because Sir James Barrie has, we believe, patented the word 'mother.'

All of which means that they must be one of the books which we have mentioned.

The Saturday Review

CLASSIC MYTHOLOGY

BY ANDRÉ GIDE

THE world of Greek mythology is like unto Philemon's jug which no thirst can empty if one drinks with Jupiter. (Would that I might have the god for my guest!) And I know that the milk which cools my thirst is not the same which Montaigne drank, and that the thirst of Keats and Goethe was not that of Racine and Chenier. Others like unto Nietzsche will come whose need will hasten toward the brim their burning lips. But he, who, forgetful of the respect due the god, shall break the jug in the deluded hope of finding the source of the miracle, will find but fragments in his hands. And it is these very fragments which the mythologists most often present to us, bizarre relics upon which one admires, here and there, an accidental loveliness, a gesture, a dancing foot, a hand reaching toward the unknown, an ardent pursuit of heaven knows what game, a link of the perfect choir of the Muses, holding aloft a broken bit of the garland which once upon a time circled a vase.

The first necessity to the comprehension of a Greek myth is a belief in it. Not that I mean to say that our faith must be as even as that which the church requires from our hearts. The assent given to the religion of Greece is of quite a different nature. It is strange that so great a poet as Hugo should have understood this so little, that he should have found pleasure in discountenancing the divine actors only in order to admire the triumph over them of certain elementary forces; the triumph of Pan over the Olympians. Not in malice did he act, I venture to say, and his Alexandrine suffers less than our reason. 'How could they ever have believed in all that?' cried Voltaire. Yet it is to the intellect and to the intellect alone that each myth makes its first appeal; none have understood the myth who have driven reason away. The Greek myth is essentially rational; one can say, without impiety, that it is easier to believe in it than in the doctrine of St. Paul, that doctrine which calls upon us to surrender, supplant, and make simple the rational qualities. It is through lack of intelligence that Pentheus refuses to admit Bacchus; while it is the intelligence of Polyeucetes, on the contrary, which darkens and dismays his triumphant vision. I do not say that the intellect does not find in Christian dogma a supreme end, or that skepticism is better for the mind than faith, but Christian faith is built out of the renunciation of the intellect. Perhaps the source of this renunciation lies in the very words of the Christ—'all that ye sacrifice for love of Me shall be returned to you a hundredfold'—and because he who seeks to keep the rational instinct as his guide in the world of mysteries, shall lose it.

Pagan mysticism, to speak properly, had no mysteries. Even those of Eleusis were but whispered instruction in certain great natural laws. It is a huge error to see in many of the various myths only a symbolic presentation of natural laws, and to find in the rest only the dreadful sport of Fate. Yet the more the element of Fate is reduced, the greater becomes the lesson of the myth. What does the supposed prominence of the element of Fate teach us, every time that we usher it

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in? To submit to that which we cannot conquer. But the great souls of the legendary heroes were rebellious souls, and to let destiny lead them about is to misunderstand them. Without doubt they were aware of the *amor fati* which Nietzsche admired, but the fatality with which we are dealing is destiny from within. They carried their destinies within their own bosoms; the element of destiny was psychological.

For example, nothing has been understood of the character of Theseus if the world continues to believe that the daring hero, on his return to Greece, forgot to remove the black sail from his ship by simple inadvertence, the black sail, which, deceiving the afflicted father, will lead him to cast himself into the sea and thus will leave Theseus free to enter into possession of his kingdom. A mere matter of forgetfulness? Let us dismiss such a thought. Must we believe that he casually forgets to change the sail as he later forgets Ariadne in Naxos? I can understand fathers not teaching this to children; but if we are not to reduce the story of Theseus to a Mother Goose tale, we must restore to the hero his conscience and his resolution.

How I love to find the destiny from within which urges the hero from exploit to exploit in these words of Racine

Compagne du péril qu'il vous fallait chercher. . . .

I imagine this Theseus at the court of Crete,

Charmant, jeune, trainant tous les cœurs après soi.

The elder daughter of Minos will fall in love with him; he will be taken with the younger daughter. He comes seeking a triumph over the Minotaur; he comes, a king's son, to struggle with a queen's bastard son, his muscles still drawn from the task of lifting the rock under which his arms have lain hidden from the world. An admirable bit of athletic training this. All these heroes have their own personal weapons with which no other can deal; it is only when Neoptolemus has won back from Philoctetes the bow of his father Achilles, that he succeeds in overthrowing Paris; and we know that the bow of Ulysses could be drawn only by the hero himself.

He embarks (I am speaking again of Theseus) with that band of twenty youths and maidens which Greece sent every year, so the Mother Goose story goes, to Crete to be devoured by the Minotaur. As for me, I believe that the monster in the labyrinth was forming a seraglio. Why? Simply because his carnivorous appetite could not have been inherited either from Pasiphæ or the paternal animal. Pasiphæ Ariadne, the Minotaur, what a family! And at the head of all this, Minos the future judge of the underworld! How Minos judged the conduct of his wife and his children I do not know, nor why Minos, before being called to judge the dead, should have had presented before his living eyes, examples of all crimes. I do not know; I only know that there is a reason for it all. There is always a reason for everything in Greek mythology.

And I ask myself why of all the Greek heroes who fought at the siege of Troy, Ulysses, the tireless pilgrim, should be the only one to find conjugal happiness. Even though Calypso, Circe, Nausicaa, and the Sirens fill up ten wandering years, a faithful Penelope awaits him in Ithaca. But the others, who made haste to enter, return only to find a hearth strewn with ruin and disorder.

I cannot say why, but there must be a reason for it. Agamemnon, Ajax,

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Idomeneus, Diomed, all of them are met at their return by adultery, murder, treason, exile, and the most monstrous crimes. It is to these things that they are hastening. Ulysses, however, the only voyager who finds peace at home, spends ten years getting there, detained as much, I suspect, by his vagabond humor as by his casual adventures. There is a bit of Sinbad in Ulysses. And I admire in Theseus an almost insolent daring. Barely arrived at the court of Minos, he suborns Ariadne. Nothing shows that he loves her. But he allows her to love him as long as that love can be of use. That thread, which she attaches to his arm, does it exist merely to guide him? Is it not, rather, the symbolic 'apron string' which Theseus soon finds somewhat short; he feels himself too much tugged at from behind as he is advancing into the unknown of his destiny. There is a bit of opera there. I wonder if he thought of Phædra. If, while leaving the court of Minos, he had taken both sisters at once.

Doubtless, it is pleasant to find in the 'stables of Augeas' a sky encumbered with clouds which is cleansed by a solar Hercules. It suffices that the story be Greek not to be irrational. But how much more the myth means to us when we understand it in the following way.

Hercules, of all the demigods, is the single *moral* hero of antiquity, Hercules, who at the beginning of his career finds himself hesitating between vice and virtue; the only perplexed hero, one whom the sculptor, for this very reason, has carved for us as a melancholy figure. Let us remember that he is the only child of Jupiter whose birth does not represent the triumph of instinct over decency and morals, for before the god was able to possess the virtuous Alcmene, he was constrained to assume the outer form of her husband.

Though the theory of heredity is of later date than the myth, I am glad that the myth remains to afford us this exemplary signification.

La Nouvelle Revue Française

KRUPPISM

By Kruppism we mean the whole business of private dealing in, and private manufacture of, the weapons of war. Is it to outlive the hideous struggle which undoubtedly it did something to provoke? Are armaments to continue to be made by industrial firms for their own individual profit, or should their manufacture and sale be constituted all the world over a government monopoly? These are questions that will remorselessly test the sincerity of all the Powers that subscribe to the League of Nations. They go very near the heart of what is the supreme problem that confronts the world, the problem of preventing such another cataclysm as that which is just ended. It is impossible to consider that problem without also considering the question of armaments. The size of the naval and military forces that each Power during the next year or two decides to maintain will be of vital moment to the prospects of an enduring peace. Scarcely less vital will be the refusal or the agreement to put an end to private trade in the instruments of slaughter.

On neither head does confidence come easy. The war has everywhere intensified the spirit of nationality. Never was the international frame of mind less visible or operative than now on the eve of the greatest experiment in international government that has yet been tried. The victors in the struggle, exhausted by their efforts, dreading nothing so much as the call

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to renew them, are yet full of apprehensions every one of which tells against any weakening of their fighting strength. They won the war by their final superiority in armed force; they look round upon a world tossing in restless turbulence; they are much more concerned never again to be caught unprepared than with schemes for insuring universal peace; to ask them to reduce their armies and fleets, not merely to the pre-war level, but below it, seems like an invitation to suicide; the old doctrine that to insure peace you must be ready for war, instead of being exploded by the shattering demonstration we have all had of its fallaciousness, has to-day a firmer grip on mankind than ever before; and the new implements and devices, the immensely expanded range of the paraphernalia of combat, seem to reinforce the argument for preparedness.

In one conspicuous instance, that of the United States, the deficiencies in equipment and organization which the war revealed are clearly acting as a spur to the maintenance of an armed establishment on a scale never even approached in American history. America is meditating a vast increase in her naval, military, and aeroplane strength. It was undoubtedly of the United States that Mr. Lloyd George was thinking when he said on August 18: 'If those who promoted the League of Nations increased their armaments it would be a sham, and would remain a sham. It will be a scrap of paper. Those who believe in it most must trust it most, and the rest will follow. That is the fundamental, first condition of real economy in armaments in the world. Britain is ready. Let all other nations do likewise.' Every word of that exhortation and of that warning is true. If the United States increases her armaments she betrays the spirit and purpose of the League of Nations more effectually than if she refused to enter it. Formidable as are the obstacles to any real disarmament in Europe there is one factor that may compel it — the imperative, unescapable need of economy. But if America, to whom economy is a minor consideration, launches a programme of military expansion, other countries will infallibly follow suit, and we shall be back again in the old vicious circle.

The Covenant of the League of Nations recognizes that there must be a reduction of national armaments 'to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.' It provides that the Council of the League shall formulate plans for such reduction, and shall submit them to the several governments. If the governments adopt them — there is to be no compulsion in the matter — then the limits of armaments so fixed shall not be raised without the concurrence of the Council. Every ten years the plans are to come up for reconsideration. Meanwhile the members of the League agree to exchange full and frank information as to their military, naval, and air programmes, 'and the condition of such of their industrial enterprises as are adaptable to warlike purposes.' Clearly there is not much in all this unless the right spirit is actively present. Given the will to disarm, the League furnishes the machinery for carrying it simultaneously into effect. Without the will to disarm — and so far it is scarcely discernible anywhere — the recommendations of the Council will be mere expressions of opinion.

So, too, with the inseparably allied problem of private enterprise in the manufacture of munitions. The Covenant affirms that the system which has hitherto obtained is 'open to grave

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objections.' But it ventures on nothing that can even remotely be described as a palliative. It merely proposes that the Council shall advise as to how the evil effects attendant on the private manufacture of the implements of war shall be prevented. It qualifies this proposal by an undertaking to bear in mind the necessities of those members of the League who cannot make sufficient munitions to protect themselves; and in Article 23 it adds that the League will be entrusted with the general supervision of the trade in arms and ammunition 'with the countries in which the control of the traffic is necessary in the common interest.'

That hardly looks like the death of Kruppism. We know that the influence of the armament makers of all countries has necessarily been to foster the spirit from which war comes and to furnish the material with which they are waged. We know that to some extent they have formed an international Trust which, while broken by the war, will assuredly revive if private profit is again allowed to control the industry. We know, too, that in certain countries Kruppism had grown into a political power of the first magnitude, with paid lobbyists, a subsidized press, wide ramifications in government circles, and a body of vested interests that worked deliberately to inflame international passions as the readiest means of extracting fresh orders for armaments. This was certainly the case in Germany. It was partially the case in Great Britain, Austria, France, and Italy. The munition manufacturers of these countries affected, even if they did not guide, national policy; engendered an atmosphere which was fatal to European security; and placed their death-dealing instruments at the disposal of any government that had the money to pay for them.

Either this traffic must stop or peace is the idlest of dreams. Either each government must manufacture for itself whatever arms it thinks it needs and confine them to its own use, or the whole world will once more be flooded with the weapons of war, and the temptation to employ them will again prove irresistible. When governments alone make arms and restrict the sale and possession of them exclusively to their own subjects, the industry comes under the operation of public opinion, all problems of neutrality are simplified, and the world has some sort of a guaranty that its peace will not be conspired against by combines of adventurers on the hunt for profits. State monopolies of the manufacture and sale of armaments, with a rationing system for the lands that cannot provide for their own safety, would go far toward making the League of Nations a reality. But who as he looks around him dare affirm that the present trend and temper of the world points in that happy direction?

The Outlook

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PROMENADE CONCERT

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

I

SHALL *I compare this crowded hall with life?*
Great thoughts begin; profound, but not too deep;
You know the style; loud organ-notes of praise;
Vague optimistic thunders: and the soul
Of man (untrammeled by these Chappell walls),
A solo violin that climbs toward heaven.

Shall I compose an Ode for Wood and Wind?
I shall do no such thing. I'll puff my pipe
And hark to moneysworth of rhythmic sound.
I'll imitate the man who plays the drum;
A solemn bloke that seldom gets his chance.
Observe him now: he sets his drumsticks down,
Straightens his black bow-tie; then folds his arms
And stares at plump Sir Henry, bold as brass.

II

I can't imagine Promenades in spring.
What's that they're playing now? It's full of autumn:
And, down below, the crowd is like a harvest,
With girls in scarlet caps like flaring poppies.

September; and the murmur of the music
Widens, and booms exalted as a gale
That combs gigantic tree-tops: violoncellos
Brown-golden, bending, bowing; and behind them
Deliberate double-basses, gruff and pompous;
And blowing of bassoons and flutes and oboes.

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November; and the fiery leaves are falling;
The forest burns with sunset; autumn's ended.
Remember. In a pause you hear the drone
Of London traffic rumbling on toward winter.

III

My intellect's ennobled by emotion.
This crowd's a town; each heart a darkened house
That glows with warmth and brightness from within
While music surges through the lampless street.

The street of what? O yes, the street of life.
I didn't mean to do it when I started;
But now I've grown didactic I'll confess
That music stands for love. *Shall I compare*
This crowded hall with death? Even Queens are mortal;
And neither Wood nor Wind can live forever.
. . . . . .
If someone that I love were here to-night
I could compare this crowded hall with life.
It is your heart, your heart that I would sing to.
O someone that I love, stand up and crown me!

The New Statesman

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THE LIFE OF SAMUEL BUTLER

SAMUEL BUTLER often spoke against the sin of biographers, which, indeed, is greater than they know. By refusing to tell the whole truth, or the most interesting part of it, not only do they make their biographies dull, but they mislead and discourage mankind. The great man, as they present him, has attained to a perfection both impossible and insipid; we despair of being like him and do not wish to be like him; we may think him a Parsifal, but we resent him also as a pure fool. Butler himself said of his Life of his grandfather, Dr. Butler:

> It is better that I should be indiscreet and dishonorable than that men's true minds should be concealed and turned again to falsehood, if we have a chance of getting at them. It is next to never that we can get at any man's genuine opinion on any subject, except the weather or eating and drinking; and when we can do so directly or indirectly neither *amour propre* nor discretion should be allowed to veil it, for there is nothing in this world so precious nor is there any other stuff from which genuine fresh opinion can derive.

Mr. Festing Jones, who like Butler himself has a gift for humanizing the wisdom of the serpent, is careful to quote this in his preface; it is his answer to those who may accuse him of indiscretion. He has written this book as if for Butler to read; and we are sure that, whatever anyone else thinks about it, Butler would have liked it. His method is the method of Boswell; he seems to tell all he knows, but his interest in his subject has made him select by instinct what is interesting because it describes Butler. The book in form is a chronicle, all narrative and little description; but the narrative itself describes, and, with each chapter, we know more of Butler, as a man living and changing and growing before us; we cannot know him completely until we have read to the end, because he himself was completed only by death. In fact, the book is one of the best biographies in the language, a document of human nature, because it shows us a particular man in all his circumstances of time and place, and a document which, as we read it, we know we can trust.

Butler liked to present himself in his books as a smiling invulnerable critic of the universe; but here we learn how often he was wounded. He might, indeed, if he had chosen, have made a tragedy of *The Way of All Flesh;* but he would not exhibit the pageant of his bleeding heart, because he wished it to bleed as little as possible. As we read, we discover that life was not kind to him, and that he was always trying to armor himself against fate. To begin with, his childhood was unhappy; in a letter written when he was forty, he says, 'I have had the worst three years I ever had since the horrors of childhood and boyhood'; and he did not often complain of anything. Then for many years he mistook his vocation, trying to paint when he was born to write; he lost a great part of his money through trusting in friends; he found after many years that he had wasted affection on his dearest male friend; and, what was almost worse, his dearest female friend seemed to be wasting her affection on him, at least he believed that she wished to be his wife, while he did not wish to be her husband. So there was a misfit both ways; and he remained a bachelor, hungry for happiness which he knew to exist.

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That is one side of him, concealed in his public writings, but now revealed without undue emphasis in Mr. Jones's narrative. One might have guessed it from *Erewhon Revisited*, which is made beautiful and moving by the hero's hunger for affection, Butler's own hunger, for he always wrote autobiography in his stories and cared for nothing in other stories that was not autobiography. He was a disappointed man, and his disappointments made him suspicious; hence his grievance against Darwin. As Mr. Jones says, with an affection too great not to be candid, 'Butler felt he had been taken in. It was John Picard Owen and the chickens over again; it was the alleged death and resurrection of Jesus Christ over again; it was his own education over again; and there was nothing for it but to investigate the whole subject and write a book about it. This book was *Evolution, Old and New*. Butler, with his attacks now on religion, now on science, is to be understood only when we see him in process of finding out the world. There was a conspiracy to keep him, young, unsuspecting, and generous, in the dark, to exploit his best qualities and the best qualities of all the young. His father tried to make a parson of him by concealing the facts about the Gospels, and his father was only a party to one great conspiracy. Darwin tried to make him believe that there was no intelligence in the order of the universe by concealing the facts about the universe; and he was only a party to another great conspiracy. So finally he revenged himself on his father in *The Way of All Flesh* and *The Fair Haven;* and on Darwin in a series of books; but he was always trying to purge himself of the bitterness which these deceptions provoked in him: he would not be a weakling squealing against his oppressors; if he was deceived it was his own fault. It is more immoral, he insisted, to be prey than a beast of prey; he would be neither, but a man who explained to the beast of prey the very processes by which, unconsciously, he hypnotized his victims. He disliked his father not so much for being a serpent as for persuading himself that he was a dove. He saw the world infested with serpents disguised, even to themselves, as doves, and so lacking the beauty of the serpent; and his mission, or his pleasure, was to undisguise these prudish serpents to the world and to themselves. Butler tried to be fair to his father. In 1883 he wrote this note on their relations:

> He never liked me, nor I him; from my earliest recollections I can call to mind no time when I did not fear him and dislike him; over and over again I have relented toward him and said to myself that he was a good fellow after all; but I had hardly done so when he would go for me in some way or other which soured me again. I have no doubt I have made myself very disagreeable; certainly I have done many very silly and wrong things; I am not at all sure that the fault is more his than mine. But no matter whose it is, the fact remains that for years and years I have never passed a day without thinking of him many times over as the man who was sure to be against me, and who would see the bad side rather than the good of everything I said and did.

It would be futile now to judge either of them; but the story of their enmity has value because it shows us how grudges often do grow up between father and son, and how they may be prevented. In this case the father never understood the workings of his own mind; he had been trained always to conceal them from himself, never to admit to himself that he did anything because he wished to do it. The son saw his motives with fatal clearness and despised him for refusing to see them; the father was afraid of him without knowing that he was afraid, or why; and his fear, driven like all his real

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feelings into his unconscious mind, disguised itself as dislike and disapproval. Butler, who could never speak frankly to his father on any subject, because of the convention established in the family that the father could do no wrong, spoke frankly of his father in his own mind and in *The Way of All Flesh*, but did not so purge himself of bitterness. He still kept his opinion, and his art, a secret from his father, and there remained, on the one side this secret, on the other unconscious fear because of it; on the one side satire, on the other moral disapproval, as weapons in a warfare always suppressed and so never ended. The moral, for parents, is that, if they do not know themselves, their children will know them.

But Butler's worst enemy was his closest friend. The story of Charles Paine Pauli is stranger than fiction, and would be incredible if it had not happened. Butler got to know him in New Zealand, and admired him as being all that he himself was not: handsome, attractive, a man of the world who knew where to get well-fitting clothes and how to wear them. But Pauli had no money and was in bad health; Butler believed that, if he stayed in New Zealand, he would die. So they both returned to England, Butler lending him £100 for the voyage and promising to pay him £200 a year for three years so that he might be called to the Bar. This was in 1864, and Butler continued to support Pauli, as he supposed, until Pauli's death in 1897. Pauli never would tell him anything about his affairs; and for some time Butler lived in penury sharing what he had with Pauli. Their friendship was not happy. Butler thought that Pauli was possessed by a dumb devil: 'The wrongness of his silence wounded me. I told him that I thought it wrong, but he said he would tell me if he could — it was so difficult to say exactly what he was earning — people did not pay him, *et cetera*, and I, still believing him to be much as I was myself in the matter of good faith, accepted his excuses. Even when Butler lost nearly all his money, Pauli would not tell him anything of his private affairs, nor where he lived, nor whether he was making anything at the Bar; and they never met except when Pauli came over from Lincoln's Inn to lunch at Butler's early dinner in Clifford's Inn. But still Butler tried to believe the best of Pauli; said he was kind to animals, and behaved with all the infatuation of a bachelor, who, unconsciously, tries to make a friend the substitute for a wife. In 1897 Pauli died without sending for Butler, who saw his death in the *Times*. He then discovered that Pauli had at one time earned from £800 to £900 a year at the Bar, but lately only about £500. He left £9,000, none of it to Butler; and he had been receiving money from other friends. Butler wrote a full account of his relations with Pauli, and said at the end of it: 'My main feeling is one of thankfulness that I never suspected the facts. . . . The only decent end for such a white heat of devotion as mine was to him for so many years was the death of one or other of the parties concerned. . . . I felt pretty sure I was doing a great deal too much, but I would rather have done a great deal too much than a little too little.' In 1901 he wrote this note: 'I knew I was being cruelly treated, but how cruelly I never knew till after his death, when I could not even forgive him, as I would have done.'

The great satirists are always men who, one way or another, have been cruelly injured; their love is negative in their art because it has been balked; but we can see how much Butler was injured in the affair of Pauli from the

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fact that he, who made so much of his art out of autobiography, could never use this story for satire. He could only write a plain account of it. We can see also that he tried to make himself out a kind of Sancho Panza to all the false quixotries of the world because he was really himself a Don Quixote. It was a case of protective mimicry, in which the fly managed to persuade himself and the wasps that he had a sharper sting than theirs.

It is interesting to know that he drew Towneley in *The Way of All Flesh* from Pauli. It was not a good likeness, for it expressed only his illusions about Pauli and also about the Towneleys of the world, whom he admired just because he did not understand them. The man who quite simply and brutally exploits others, who takes without giving always, was really different in kind from Butler; and Butler, who suffered from his own passion for giving, admired him as an artist admires a Bengal tiger, admired him as a perfect and finished product, while he himself had the malease, the unpreparedness, the inadequacy, of incessant growth. This in his satire he tried to conceal; there he consoled himself by pretending to be a pure ironic mind; but, far more truly than Byron, he smiled so that he might not weep, or so that his tears might not be seen.

His quarrel with Darwin was irrational enough — so irrational that we must look for the cause of it behind the actual facts; and the cause was his own *odium theologicum*. He was angry with Darwin and all his followers because they denied intelligence to the universe, and still more because they denied love to it. They emptied all things of value; and he cared ultimately for nothing but the values of man. He cared for them so much that he would not have them too easily justified — to sentimentalize the universe was almost worse than to make it out full of sound and fury signifying nothing. As he himself said, he was always ready to give up Christ for Christ's sake; but the most real things in the universe to him were the Christian virtues, and he was not content to leave them hanging in a meaningless void. 'There is a something as yet but darkly known which makes right right and wrong wrong.' He was angry with the men of science because, as it seemed to him, they were trying to prove, even when they were not sharp enough to see it themselves, that there is nothing which makes right right and wrong wrong. Hence his attitude to the Church, which will surprise many readers of this book. In 1880 he wrote to the Bishop of Carlisle:

> If those who start with an all-pervading, supreme intelligence can yet find nothing out of harmony with their initial assumption in a theory of evolution, which is attended at each step by mind, purpose, and the exercise of the moral qualities; and if, again, those who, like myself, start with *tabulæ rasæ*, and, working up from the first thing they can lay hold of, find themselves driven first to evolution, then to purposive evolution, and through this to the action of a supreme, all-pervading mind or purpose in both organic and inorganic matter; then surely we may be upon the eve of the removal of other misunderstandings.

Two years later he wrote: 'It is not the Bishops and Archbishops I am afraid of. Men like Huxley and Tyndall are my natural enemies, and I am always glad when I find church people recognizing that the differences between them and me are, as I believe myself, more of words than things.' You may almost say that he chastened the Church because he loved it; but he did not love the men of science. You could be on your guard against the Church, and its exasperating habit of telling little lies in the cause of a great truth; but the men of science, he

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thought, told little truths in the cause of a great lie; and the world was not on its guard against them. They had deceived even him; and a burned child, if it is like Butler, hates the fire.

We insist upon this side of Butler's experience and character because it will be new to most readers; but Mr. Jones does not insist upon it; he lets it appear in the course of his narrative. Butler suffered much in life, but he was not unhappy; he wrestled with life, conquered it, and enjoyed the sense of his own victory. In 1898 he wrote: 'If in my books from *Erewhon* (1872) to *Luck or Cunning?* (1887) there is a something behind the written words which the reader can feel but not grasp,—and I fancy that this must be so,—it is due, I believe, to the sense of wrong which was omnipresent with me, not only in regard to Pauli, the Darwins, and my father, but also in regard to my ever-present anxiety about money.' If that were the whole truth, if Butler had been cradled into prose by wrong and nothing else, his books would be dispiriting, which they are not. There is something else behind the written words which the reader can feel; and that is the sense of victory, even before it was won. Butler always believed in victory, to be won not so much by a heroic defiance of men and things, as by smiling both at and with them. If there was a practical joke in the universe, he would rob it of its sting by seeing the point of it; and he did not believe that the joke was really a cruel one. There was nothing he believed in so much as kindness; and he thought one could win it, even from the nature of things, by refusing to be frightened into unkindness. So, by taste and on principle, he was the kindest of men and won happiness that way. There was nothing he enjoyed more than his relations with his servant Alfred; they were to him a symbol of his success in life; and we can see what they were from a letter which Alfred wrote him in 1891:

> Dear Sir: I hope you arrived quite safe on Tuesday and found your sister well. . . . I have a little complaint to make. You never looked out of the carriage to see me standing on the platform as I always do. There was I standing in the rain and you never looked at me.
>
> Yours truly, ALFRED.

On receiving this Butler sent an apology by telegram, and Alfred replied:

> Received telegram this morning, thank you. I showed it to Mr. Jones and he laughed. I forgive you. ALFRED.

If bitterness had overcome Butler, he would have known that life had beaten him; as it was — out of the strong came forth sweetness, though with a quick, peculiar flavor of its own. There are many likenesses of him, including portraits by himself; but the one which is most like the Butler of this book is a photograph taken by Alfred in 1898. It is a queer mixture of an anthropoid ape and a god, expressing exactly Butler's own view of evolution; the god is in the making, and would be a little bored if there were not still something of the monkey in him. Mr. Jones has not left the monkey out of his book any more than the god; it will increase both the gayety and the faith of nations.

The Times

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THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

THE Gilbert and Sullivan operas are always a sure draw for weeks at a time in the provinces. The twenty weeks' season that has already commenced at the Princess' Theatre will show whether their hold on the newer London public is equally secure. All the operas are to be given, I understand, except acknowledged failures or doubtful successes like *Ruddigore*, *Utopia, Limited*, and *The Grand Duke*. For the withdrawal of *Utopia, Limited*, after a comparatively short first run, there are said to have been reasons unconnected with the dramatic and musical merits of the work; but the other two operas were unmistakable failures, and that they should have proved so is a testimony to the taste of the Savoy public. They were very devoted to both their Gilbert and their Sullivan; but they politely but firmly declined to follow them, especially Sullivan, into deserts. It is the custom to blame Gilbert for these two failures; but probably the main burden of the guilt lies on Sullivan's shoulders.

It was almost an ideal partnership when both men were in their best vein. It was never quite ideal even when both were at their best, for there were always things in Gilbert that Sullivan obviously found it difficult to understand,— perhaps because Gilbert was a little hazy about them himself,— while with all his genius as a light opera composer Sullivan had some serious limitations. But for a long time the two men managed to make the very most of the best that was in them, and to keep the audiences from prying too curiously into the worst. I am not a great admirer of Gilbert's rather mechanical humor or his still more mechanical verse-technique. But if the texts mostly came out of a machine by a quite obvious process of manufacture, it must be admitted that the machine was a clever piece of construction and very skillfully handled.

I suppose there is something in the story that one reason for the early success of the operas was they gave a clean and rational entertainment to a public that was beginning to tire of stupid and partly indecent French light operas. I am not old enough to be able to speak of those days at first hand. But the early Gilbert-Sullivan operas had more than this rather negative virtue to recommend them. Gilbert always told a new story, and if he had only had command, in his non-lyrical passages, of some other style than one that oscillated between the old-time *Daily Telegraph* leader and Shakespeare at a quite impossible worst, we should cheerfully agree that he always told it well. At any rate, he kept people interested in those days, though some of us find him so trying to-day that he often keeps us away from the theatre, and so from Sullivan's delicious music.

We may confess, quite candidly, that it is mostly professional writers who can hardly sit out five minutes of a Gilbert dialogue without writhing, while the great public enjoys it hugely, and no doubt always will. That is because the professional writer himself deals in words as a matter of daily business, and knows how easy they are

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to manipulate as Gilbert generally manipulates them: to expect the journalist to fall a victim to these too obvious verbal wiles is like expecting the medicine seller at the country fair to take his partner's pills or use his infallible hair restorer.

Gilbert's success was with the man in the street, who has a strange reverence for words, purely as words. His own form of humor, as may be seen when he writes to the papers about something, and thinks it incumbent on him to adopt what he takes to be a literary style, consists mostly in using three long words where one short one would suffice; he always calls an oyster a 'succulent bivalve,' and refers to a barber as a 'tonsorial artist.' Gilbert was obviously the very man for his money. When Gilbert made Jane say, 'There is a transcendality of delirium — an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy — which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion; but it is *not* indigestion — it is æsthetic transfiguration,' the man in the street bowed his head in awe before the humorist who thus had the English dictionary at his finger-tips. When the jailer in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, speaking of the confessions that the thumbscrew can extort, said that 'in the nice regulation of a screw, in the hundredth part of a single revolution, lieth all the difference between stony reticence and a torrent of impulsive unbosoming that the pen can scarcely follow,' the man in the street was so delighted at recognizing his favorite Telegraphese that it never struck him that a sixteenth-century jailer would be the last man in the world to talk in Telegraphese. And the lack of subtlety in Gilbert's humor helped him immensely.

The dullest member of the audience could not help seeing one of Gilbert's jokes, for Gilbert never left a joke alone until he had not merely started it but hunted it to the death — sometimes even past that, for now and then he would pursue it into the grave. And above all, the peculiarly *verbal* quality of his humor made him exceptionally quotable. For the man in the street, he is as full of quotations as Shakespeare is for the professedly literary person. For many of the daily humors or absurdities of life Gilbert provided a verbal formula that all could remember, and all win a reputation for humor in the family circle or the omnibus or the public meeting by repeating it at the right moment. You just put a Gilbertian phrase in the slot, and the laugh came out of both yourself and your audience.

How did Sullivan really stand with regard to his collaborator? I have recently read afresh through the whole of the libretti and the whole of the music of the Savoy operas. When one does that continuously, so that impressions have no time to fade, one becomes conscious of a curious sameness both in Sullivan's excellences and in his limitations. One sees how very far he made quite a small gift go. There is not one of the operas in which he has not missed opportunities that this or that of his rivals would have turned to account; and when we see that it is always the same opportunities that he misses, we get to know his blind spots. The fact that everyone of the operas has its moments of pronounced failure only makes us admire the more the genius that could give us such delight in the other moments as to make us forget the failures. From first to last his method never altered. He scored his greatest successes with his patter songs and with the arias or ensembles of humorous or semi-humorous character. But the nearer the song or the situation came to being serious — and Gilbert gave him several things of this

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kind — the more pronounced was his failure.

In 'My Name Is John Wellington Wells,' in *The Sorcerer*, he made the mould in which practically all his patter songs were cast; when, in later years, he tried now and then to alter the mould, even the patter song failed him. In a sense, this kind of song is the easiest of all to write, especially to words with the very genius of the *genre* in them, as Gilbert's almost invariably had. But Sullivan did more than exploit an easy *genre:* he raised it to its *n*th power. In his best patter songs there is an extraordinary concord between the melody, the rhythm, and the verbal accentuation: examine any of them closely, and you will see how not only is the general rhythm of the verse most happily caught, but that the salient word or syllable invariably stands out coincidently with the salient note of the phrase, so that in spite of the pace of the music everything is made ideally easy for the ear and the understanding. As with all good vocal melodies, the words and the music seem not the ordinary chance rider planted on the back of a chance horse, but a centaur union.

Sullivan was one of the masters of English musical declamation whenever he really put his heart into his work. It is only in the songs that are his melodic failures that he also accentuates inaccurately. Some bad instances of this could be cited: we have the feeling that he took not the slightest interest in some of Gilbert's serious or sentimental 'numbers,' but just 'got through' with them, as a sort of necessary evil, with the minimum of intellectual effort. But as a rule he phrases melodically and rhythmically with an unerring instinct for the true footfalls of the syllables. This accounts in some measure for his success: whether his hearers were conscious of it or not, they felt delightfully at ease with him. They heard their mother tongue — a rare thing in English song! — being sung just as it would be spoken. In most cases he accepts Gilbert's rhythms as they stand. But now and then his infallible intuition of the right thing leads him to alter the verbal rhythm — or rather to restore to the ear the true verbal rhythm; that has been distorted to give the lines of conventional symmetry to the eye. A happy instance will be found in Phœbe's song in *The Yeomen of the Guard.* Gilbert writes:

> Were I thy bride,
> Then all the world beside
> Were not too wide
> To hold my wealth of love —
> Were I thy bride.

Sullivan rightly refuses to parcel out his melody to agree with the rhyme endings, as he generally does. He beats out a detached phrase for the first line, — which of itself throws it into the necessary high relief,— and then embraces the rest of the verse in one continuous melodic contour, ignoring the artificial sign-posts of the rhymes, but stressing each of the really significant words, such as 'all,' 'beside,' 'not,' 'wide,' and 'wealth.'

With these patter songs, and the delightful music he could always pour out when Gilbert helped his limitations instead of getting in the way of them, Sullivan was generally sure of holding his audience for the greater part of the evening. When Gilbert tried too continuously to be serious, he made things either difficult or impossible for his collaborator. We cannot always blame Sullivan, for occasionally Gilbert provided him with scenes and characters that can be taken neither seriously nor humorously. Cut some of the Ida pages out of the text of *Princess Ida,* for instance, and read them without any knowledge of the rest of the play,

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and you will certainly say that the librettist is here trying to draw a woman, not in caricature but as she really is. Yet it is impossible to take Ida and her adventures seriously; and we can understand the dilemma Sullivan found himself in, and his failure to interest us in the lady either seriously or humorously.

But the broader truth must be faced that he had no genius for the quasi-serious side of light opera. Leave him alone in the realm of musical fancy pure and simple and he will write you an enchanting thing like 'Take a pair of sparkling eyes'; or give him a song that is essentially whimsical, and he will write delicious mock-serious music for it, as in the song of the magnet and the churn, or that of the tomtit in the *Mikado*. But set him the task of rising, in a love lyric or any other serious song, even to the height of Gilbert's pedestrian muse, and he fails lamentably. At the best he is merely sentimental in the British ballad style: at the worst he is intolerably dull. Nor can he find, even for his humorous music, any but the standardized formulas. In King Gama, for instance, Gilbert provided him with a great opportunity. But for this twisted creature, with a vein of malevolence running through his sardonic humor, Sullivan could find no other patter idiom than the genial one he employed for John Wellington Wells and the Lord Chancellor and the rest of them. There is the same failure in *Patience* to differentiate a Bunthorne from a Grosvenor, and, in *Pinafore* a Ralph Rackstraw from a Dick Deadeye. The music he gives to his fools or quasi-villains is charming in its way; but we may reasonably doubt whether it is the best way, whether a composer of wider psychological and musical range would not easily have found a better.

Twice he tried to get out of the circle of his limitations, and each time he failed and involved Gilbert in his failure. In *Ruddigore* he essayed a broader operatic style, but only achieved either dullness or convention. In *The Grand Duke*, the last of the series, the failure was far more his than Gilbert's. The Savoy audiences of 1896 may have been disappointed with the libretto, because they missed many of what had come to be regarded as the characteristic Gilbertian touches. But when we read the text to-day we see that it is really very good Gilbert — that he had freed himself from many of the irritating mannerisms and mechanisms of his former style. It was Sullivan who was found wanting. He must have felt that this text could not be treated in quite the old way; yet he could not hit upon a new way. A new musical idiom would have been required for it, one that leaned more to the humor of the comedy of manners than to the burlesque or the badinage in which Sullivan had made his successes; and such an idiom was beyond him. But after all, his limitations, though interesting to the student, go for little in the general body of his work. The slenderer we make his gift out to be, the more wonderful is it that he should have rung so many delightful changes upon it in his best works.

The Observer

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE WORLD'S COAL CRISIS

SLOWLY but surely, only perhaps too late, the world will realize the reason of the crisis which threatens to engulf humanity. A crisis which daily becomes stronger, and threatens to develop into the most terrible catastrophe the world has ever seen. It has as its base the war, which has taught envy and hatred to millions of people. From hatred and envy arose that system which is alternately called state control, compulsory government control, or Bolshevism in the different countries, according to the milder or more severe form it has assumed. It consists principally in the endeavor to alleviate the distress and despair which have become the lot of millions, by taking away at a low price or without payment from the producers that which is needed by the starving and despairing people. As a logical consequence, the producing classes, which are the world's providers, also become daily more discontented, and lose the taste for work; they produce less, and do not care to part with this little. In this way the supply of the necessaries of life becomes smaller every day. This applies to every commodity, to corn, milk, butter, eggs, and last, but not least, coal.

It cannot be said of one of these articles that it plays the most important part in the household of the world. Coal is just as necessary to humanity as food. But it can be asserted with confidence that supplies of every description would increase if we succeeded in overcoming the lack of coal. It is high time to state clearly that the coal crisis is the most glaring example of the evils of compulsory government control, not only as regards Austria, but in respect to the whole world. But this system has shown its consequences most severely in the form of the coal crisis where it has been enforced most stringently, as is the case with the Central Powers. In the same way in which after the Thirty Years' War superstition spread like a leprous disease over the face of Europe, when all evils were attributed to witchcraft, and thousands of male and female witches burned at the stake, the idea of state or compulsory government control has taken possession of minds all over the world with maniacal force. Only America has escaped from its fangs, and it is due to this fact that America is still able to-day to supply the whole world with provisions.

Two important economic changes have been born by the war, the depreciation of the currencies of all the countries engaged in it — the English currency has gone back to about 40 per cent, and our own to about 4 per cent or 5 per cent of its pre-war value — and a general feeling of fatigue, with its consequent unwillingness to work. The natural consequence to be drawn from this fact would have been the paying of such prices for the necessaries of life that the tired and unwilling workers should have considered them an extra inducement to renew their energies.

Free competitive trade would have drawn this consequence quite of itself. If free competition were re-introduced to-day, the price of coal would, of course, soar to great heights. But this high price would offer unheard-of chances for making money to thou-

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sands of dealers, and with these chances before them they would make use of all their experience, business instincts, and energy to procure coal in some way or other. The barriers which have been erected artificially between the different countries would be blown down like paper walls by this mighty flow of energy. The dealers and producers, driven by the prospect of large profits, would understand how to make hundreds of thousands of coal miners take up work by the help of honeyed words and high wages. Coal miners who to-day will not work for a wage of, say, 200 crowns, or only sham work or even go out on strike, would work diligently for 500 to 800 crowns, which they could earn at piece-work. The price of coal would, of course, rise enormously in comparison with the fictitious maximum price of to-day, but what would it matter if a kilo of coal at 10,000 crowns that is really to be had is more useful than one at 2,000 crowns that is nowhere to be got. Many factories buy wood to-day to avoid being laid still. Such wood costs five times as much as coal. And this way out of the difficulty will also soon be unavailable, for already maximum prices for wood are being prepared, and with their introduction wood will disappear in the same manner that coal has done.

If our factories could get coal at the price they are willing to pay, they would be able to keep their shops open, and not only to provide work for their hands, but also to pay correspondingly high wages; and the workmen would then be able to pay the necessary high prices for the articles made dear by the high coal prices. The opinion is often advanced that an increase in the price of coal and provisions would prove useless, as it would simply cause a further increase in the price of the necessaries of life. This argument is false. It should rather be put thus: An increase of prices for the most important necessaries of life gives a corresponding fillip to production, causes larger supplies, and — wages be high or low — increased supply alone causes ultimately the lowering of prices — which all the world desires. As soon as prices become lower, the necessity for the further raising of wages ceases, for the workman can live better with the same income and at lower prices than at high prices with an even higher wage.

It is hardly to be assumed that the solution of the great coal crisis which threatens the world will come out of little Austria. We are too weak for such a task. We shall manage to get along badly enough for some little time yet by the help of all kinds of half measure, but, in the meantime, conditions will also become worse in England. Now we can trust that the wholesome and businesslike spirit of the English people will soon realize the cause of the disease, and find a remedy for it in measures opportune to the malady — namely, radical elimination of all government control of economic life and re-introduction of the free business competition of former times.

That control of economic life which is thought of by the best leaders of the labor movement in all countries is totally different from the kind of compulsory government control which has been practised during the war and still exists to-day. Compulsory government control is really no control at all, but rape on the economic body, and will find its punishment, like every kind of rape. The best control for the prevention of excessive profits and for the protection of the working masses is a high income tax. Take away 95 per cent of his income from the man who makes large profits and he will not work less for this reason, but, on the

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contrary, more. For the remaining 5 per cent are, supposing him to make a million a year, still 50,000 crowns, and he could keep 10 per cent of that for himself. The working people for their part are best protected by official measures for fixing the maximum working day and the day of rest, by erecting decent dwellings for them, and so on, but not by harassing the capitalist or the manufacturer.

The production of the world can only then be kept at the necessary level when all the millions of individual forces that work for it are given sufficient inducement, and if everybody is at liberty to make use of his abilities according to his personality, his special talents, the local conditions, personal relations, etc.

All this is only possible when free competition rules. The change to it from the present difficult conditions may cause some passing disturbance in the world, but it will not last long; things will right themselves again in a short time. This can be seen from the example of Russia. There free competition has returned by force, even under the rule of Bolshevism. The consequence is that the food situation is daily improving in Russia.

If compulsory government or state control, with the limitations put by it upon economic life, and the consequent decrease of production, continues to rule in the different countries of Central and Western Europe much longer, we can expect no mere passing disturbance, but shall drift straight into a catastrophe, which means the destruction of our European civilization.

The Economist

NIGHT THOUGHTS

BY SYLVIA LYND

Walking alone in the walled garden
After the close of day,
When the apple leaves like feathers
The acacia leaves like spray
Pattern the clear sea-blue sky of evening,
Where the red planet Mars
Shines with remote and quiet splendor
Above this world of wars:
Every tree a tent of shadow
Darkening the dark ground,
No sound but a leaf twisting and falling
From the sycamore's dark mound —
If there should start forth a shape of terror
Should I run or stay
In the vast lonely forest of the garden
After the close of day?

The Nation

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TALK OF EUROPE

EVER since the armistice, the French secret service has been busy throwing a net round all those suspected of intelligence with the enemy. The 'Affaire Judet' is now in the public eye.

M. Judet, former editor of the *Eclair*, who is alleged to have had dealings with the enemy, is taking action for libel against Madame Bossard, who accuses him of having shared with her husband money received from Herr Romberg, the German Minister in Switzerland. According to the Lucerne correspondent of the *Matin*, Maître Schaller, who was asked to defend M. Judet's interests, has declared that he could do so only when M. Judet returned to France and disposed of the accusations against him.

Madame Bossard, continuing her revelations, alleges that at a second interview at the villa, at which Herr Romberg, M. Judet, the Deputy, Paul Meunier, and her husband were present, she overheard the German Minister say, 'We shall conquer. We have hundreds of thousands of Polish slaves or Russian prisoners who are grubbing up our land. France will never be able to starve us. If she believes she can, she is strangely mistaken.' Madame Bossard asserts that while the German Minister was in the villa, she was ordered to act as policeman in the house, to keep the servants away and watch the smoke-room, where Romberg was received. As to the money received, her husband told her about it. When Bossard obtained the reward of his intervention, thanks to which Romberg could meet M. Meunier,— the amount Madame Bossard alleges was £20,000,— she says her husband seemed very unhappy because he had to share it with Judet. 'It was my husband who, unknown to Judet, proposed the sale of the *Eclair* to the German Minister. He confessed to me that he had received the price demanded in the Jagow telegram — £56,000 — and had given a receipt for this sum to Romberg. Afterward he made attempts to get back the receipt.'

The Comtesse de Martel, writer of numerous novels under the pseudonym of 'Gyp,' who was a neighbor of M. Judet at Neuilly and wrote for his paper, has been heard at the inquiry here. She says that until she receives proof she will refuse to believe that M. Judet has betrayed his country. Judet was a pacifist, she adds, but for her his pacifism had nothing in common with the defeatism of the anti-patriots. 'Gyp' was mixed up with 'Boulangism' and the Dreyfus affair. She knew Paul Déroulède, and on one occasion was imprisoned for a few days.

DENBY DALE, in Yorkshire, is debating as to whether or not it should celebrate the peace season with a traditional giant pie.

As far as one can discover, the first of the Denby Dale pies was a serious loyalist effort signifying the satisfaction of the inhabitants in 1788 at the recovery of George III from a grave illness. In 1815, to mark the signing of peace between England and France, another pie was built (an architectural word is really called for). Twenty fowls and a sack of flour were used on this occasion — a quite moderate effort compared with some that were to follow, and not equaling in the number of its inhabitants the famous traditionary pie that housed four-and-twenty blackbirds. The pie of 1846 had a political flavor, celebrating as it did the repeal of the Corn Laws. This pie was such a dish as Pantagruel would not have despised in his hungriest moments. There is a fine Rabelaisian flavor, indeed, about its whole story. It was seven feet in diameter and one foot ten inches deep. Thirty-one horses were employed to drag it through the streets of the village, and its procession is said to have been witnessed by 60,000 persons. Its crust was made of 40 stones of flour, and in its cavernous belly were five sheep, one calf, 140 pounds of beef, 13 dozen pigeons, five

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hares, 81 couples of rabbits, ten brace of poultry, six couples of ducks, five brace of pheasants, 12 brace of grouse, 133 brace of small birds, 91 pounds of beef suet, 32 pounds of lard, and 26 pounds of butter.

The fourth Denby Dale effort was as disastrous as it was magnificent. It received an encouraging 'preliminary notice' in the local press, which announced that, to celebrate Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the inhabitants of Denby Dale would bake, in a specially constructed pan placed in a specially constructed oven, a pie two feet deep and measuring eight feet six inches from rim to rim. It would require two and a half 'packs' of flour, and among its ingredients would be between 200 and 300 pounds of beef, mutton, pork, etc. 'Geese, fowls, grouse, and small birds will be among the tasty morsels enclosed within the crust.' Special plates were to be provided embellished with portraits of the Queen and a suitable inscription. These would be sold on the spot to pie-buyers. The newspaper which contained this fine promise printed the next week, under its local news, this harrowing paragraph: 'Kirkheaton—This village contributed largely to the disappointed multitude that went to have a look at the big Jubilee pie. Every kind of conveyance was called into requisition to convey to Denby Dale from this district hundreds who, on returning in the evening with disappointed looks, were loud in their anathemas against the committee of management.'

It was a sad story. The pie was 'high.' The *Yorkshireman* of that date has a satirical account of the scene 'when the pie was opened.' The opener had been furnished with a specially prepared knife, two feet six inches long, and a fork to match. 'The first lash into the crust with this enormous knife,' says the *Yorkshireman*, 'produced effects the plain statement of which is discredited by the public who were not there. But the simple truth is that, while the crowd was utterly uncontrollable and was crushing up round the pie-dish until the carver had no elbow-room, the mere opening of the pie and the fragrance from it instantly cleared a space of 20 feet on either side.' It is said that a man secured a piece of the pie and took it to Bradford, and that 'the moment he produced his trophy there was a sudden and general disposition of the company to go elsewhere.'

After this unhappy venture 'Denby Dale pie' seems to have become one of those bywords that need only to be said to raise a laugh, just as one may raise a laugh by simply saying, 'Desist!' if one is clever enough to look something like Mr. Robey while saying it. An advertisement of a sale of rugs at that time begins: 'This is not a Denby Dale pie story'; and included in the programme of music to follow a cricket club's annual dinner is 'a song composed on the Denby Dale pie.'

Smarting, doubtless, under the anathema of Kirkheaton, and fearful lest one bad pie should corrupt a good custom, the committee of management set to work again. A second Jubilee pie was produced, and it gave satisfaction to 3,000 hungry souls. It contained 47 stones of beef, one calf, one sheep, 48 stones of flour, and 100 stones of potatoes. Another pie, almost as large as the Jubilee pie, was made when the South African War came to an end.

R. H. S.

At the sale of government cars recently held in London, one of the cars was described as a 'rattling' good one. It is said that the sale included a tame squirrel trained to run behind and pick up the falling nuts. Truly English humor is of a more gentle kind than ours.

A recent dinner conversation in an English country house turned on the curious sights seen on the road. There were many notable experiences, but they were all capped by this story, told by one of the guests, which surely deserves the epithet 'unique.'

'I was driving into Winchester,' he said, 'some fifteen years ago, with my wife, and on the road, some distance ahead, we saw two men shoving a handcart, which seemed to be occupied by another. On getting near we found that the owners of the cart were two sailors, and the occupant a seal, lolling in a well at the back of the vehicle, in which there was a little water. The startling thing, however, was that the seal wore an old top hat, and seemed quite happy and

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contented. My wife, who has a tender heart for all animals, came to the conclusion that the poor animal was being ill-treated by the sailors, and I was compelled to write to the head constable, begging him to make inquiries. The answer I received was that, so far from being ill-treated, the seal, after giving several successful street-corner performances, was found in a lodging-house asleep between its two masters! Whereupon my wife, not to be balked of her grievance, wrote to the head constable and told him that, if the seal had suffered no physical acts of cruelty, the age and cut of the old top hat must have caused it excruciating "moral and intellectual" agony.'

THE PERECT GENTLEMAN

(*Selected Definitions from the Westminster Gazette*)

DEFINE me, someone, if you can,
The elusive term of gentleman.

Says Vere de Vere, 'A man is he
Of pure blue-blooded ancestry.'

Says Newman Prig, 'He 's best defined
As one who has a cultured mind.'

Says Midas, 'Culture? Blood? Pooh! Dash!
The true criterion is cash.'

Says Priest, 'He is in thought, deed, word,
A Christ-like person — Church preferred.'

Says Books, 'Whoever in he lets,
He never fails to pay his bets.'

''T is clear enough he 's one,' says Shirk,
'Who for his living does n't work.'

'A pal,' cries Bella Flapps, 'who 's prime
At giving girls a top-hole time.'

'A real gent,' says Ikey Chink,
'Don't know the price of anythink.'

Between these various views they voice,
Come, pay your cash, and take your choice.

R. M. Freeman.

THE French Government has decided that the familiar red trousers which have for so many years formed part of the uniform of the French soldier shall no longer be used. An official notice recently issued states that, with the exception of the *képi*, pre-war uniforms are now definitely abolished and their manufacture prohibited. The Chasseur battalions will retain their special uniform and the Colonial and African troops their khaki, but the rest of the army will be clad in the horizon blue adopted during the war.

Officers possessing the old uniforms, including red trousers, are allowed two years in which to wear them out, but are strictly forbidden to wear portions of both the old and the new-style uniform at the same time.

A *Daily Chronicle* man who interviewed Mr. Shaw at his residence in Adelphi Terrace, where he had returned after a sojourn out of town, did not find him very enthusiastic on the subject at all.

'Beer,' he confessed, 'is a subject that has never inspired me. I have been a teetotaler all my life.'

'What then do you suggest as the alternative to the trade proposals?'

'Put the whole thing into the melting pot,' said Mr. Shaw. 'The question before the whole of the civilized world is—shall it go wet or dry?'

'But as long as we have public houses, you admit that a model can be set up, and houses should be reformed?'

For the moment, Mr. Shaw appeared nonplused. Had so profoundly serious a subject as beer dried up for once his unending flow of high comedy? Seizing a large and handsome carafe of pure and sparkling water, he filled a deep goblet, and drained it to the last drop. Thus fortified, he spoke:

'The trade proposals are a sign and a portent,' he said, 'but that is all. Ever since I have been alive the brewers have been going to reform the public house. They have never done so, because if they did, there would no longer be any public houses.'

'You mean that a reformed public-house is a private house?'

'No, I mean that the public would never stand such a thing as a reformed public house. The trade think it will be a good thing if they put their house in order. But

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if they are going to put their houses in order, then they are going to knock all the jollity out. What possible point can there be in a brewer making his public house an orderly Christian place? If the trade were to declare that they were going really to alter public houses by making them places for all sorts of jollification, hilarity, and uproarious merriment, I can quite understand and well believe that a great and enthusiastic public would rally round them. But if the trade's idea is to turn all our public houses into an orderly sort of Young Men's Christian Association meeting places, well, then, all I can say is that the trade is doomed!'

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has addressed the following proclamation to the Italian people in the name of the Provisional Government of Fiume:

'Italians, Italian brothers, the spirit has overthrown arrogance and insult and set the darkness aglow. The Italians of Garibaldi have listened to the lacerating shriek of Fiume and are firm at Fiume, and stout of heart. Our brothers of Fiume are not sheep for sale. Nor is the holy city a city for bargaining. Who dare wrench asunder brothers from brothers? The world of to-day only has this pure craving Italian passion, this Italian wish. Italians against all and against everyone. Remember that at Fiume the pile is kindled and that two words alone make the speeches. O Italy! O death! From our Fiume we stretch out our hands to you. Arise to your feet and diffuse the faith throughout Italy. The defenders as well as the oppressors of Fiume have need of knowing and feeling what the Italy of victorious Venice is. Clench your teeth, clench your fists, have perfect harmony at the back of you. Do not fear reports designedly and iniquitously Austrian; discount them. God is with us, and because it is so everything will turn out as it was preordained in solemn form. Have faith; pray to the god of Italy, pray in the churches, in the squares, at home. Every spot is a temple. For Italian victory unmutilated, for the ancient and recent dead, for these brothers sacred to Italy and exultant to-day, for Fiume, her own sovereign, help us, Italians, help us! One sole wish should unite us in one sole thought. The sudatorium of our country to-day is Fiume. Our country's dignity to-day is in Fiume.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Viscount Haldane, once British Secretary of State for War, was Lord Chancellor when the great war broke out. Assailed by the press, he gave over his office. Since the armistice, however, a reaction has taken place, and Lord Haldane is once more in favor.

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Stephen Graham, novelist and traveler, is perhaps the most distinguished of English students of Russian ways. Readers will recall his book known as *The Soul of Russia.*

Mr. Arthur B. Walkley is dramatic critic of the *Times.*

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André Gide is one of the younger masters of French prose. His *Prometheus Illbound* has just been published in an English translation.

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Ernest Newman is the musical critic of the *Observer.* Readers may recall his controversy with Mr. G. B. Shaw, a controversy in which Mr. Newman carried away the honors.

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CONTRAST

BY GEOFFREY F. FYSON

I have wandered far from my boyhood's pathway
And soiled my hands in the mud and the mire;
I have left the best of my youth behind me —
Laughter and music and high desire;
For I 've heard the scream of the shells go over,
And seen no stars for the flare and flame,
Have killed my man and found joy in the killing,
Held hate in my heart and known no shame.

But night and morning the heart remembered
The twilit peaks of a Sussex Down.
Oh! gold of the gorse and scent of the clover
And shroud of smoke from the hidden town;
Rush of wind thro' the weary pine-woods,
Setting sun on the bracken'd loam!
Night and morning the heart remembered,
And found a peace in the thoughts of home.

. . . . . .

I have left the perilous days behind me
And stand again on the pine-clad hills.
I have cooled my face in the green of the meadows
And cleansed my hands in the rush of the rills.
Virginal blue is the sky above me
And pure the breeze as a maiden's sigh,
And a lark's song falters, and falls, and rises,
And bids me forget the days gone by.

But ever and ever the heart remembers
The desolate winds on an empty plain.
The dying trees with their leafless branches,
The clamor and cursing, the blood and the rain;
The clean, clear tones of the silent voices,
The laughing lights in the empty eyes —
Ever and ever the heart remembers
And finds no peace for its memories.

The Observer

THE LITTLE TOWN THAT WAS

BY PHYLLIS ERICA NOBLE

Underneath her martyr-crown, burnt and broken, shattered down,
There she stands, a ruin dread, desolate, with beauty dead,
That was once a little town.

Her unnumbered tragedies, torn earth, mutilated trees,
Her blind windows and dumb doors, her shell-shattered walls and floors,
All are silent witnesses.

Thro' the ravaged fields around, o'er the scarred and cross-marked ground,
Runs the crimson poppy-flood, but she knew the fields of blood,
And the dreadful battle sound.

For she heard the anguish'd cries, heard the great guns shake the skies —
And the windows of stain'd glass, which her little church still has,
Glimmer out like tearful eyes.

Burnt and broken, shattered down — once she was a little town!
And the soul that all towns have still survives her ashen grave
Underneath her martyr-crown.

The Bookman

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